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The Week

A NEW war is threatening, war against Hungary, with a certain request for the use of American troops. Against Hungary the Allies in Paris have three complaints: (1) the government refuses to grant an acceptable armistice to its neighbors; (2) the government is socialistic; (3) the government refuses to let Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia cut pieces from its country's flanks to fit their several ambitions. The validity of the first point has not been established. Correspondence between the Allies and Hungary is still kept secret. The second and third points may alarm the foreign offices of Europe; they cannot justify the use of American troops. Do we stand by while the others make war? Where is our League of Nations? Apparently the American representative on the Council of Five agreed in directing the Allied generals to ascertain the number of troops that can be thrown against Budapest.

REVOLTING as any story the war has produced is a report on Japanese atrocities made public by the Presbyterian Church in America. It is based upon investigations made by the Church after the imprisonment of some of its missionaries by Japanese authorities. Men beaten to death and seared with hot irons for suspected complicity in the revolutionary movement; women made to go naked

into the witness box, and kept in prison with hands manacled; villages burned "because they were Christian villages;" congregations butchered in their churches—these are instances "known beyond the shadow of a doubt to be true." The report will probably be denied by Japanese authorities in this country. Reports like this one cannot stand unchallenged. But let us remember that in this case our informants are disinterested Americans who have gone into the Far East in the spirit of service.

"HASTEN to Trade with Germany"—"Cotton for Hamburg"—so read the headlines on the morning after the blockade was lifted. And the leagues that had locked hands Never to Trade with the Hun? From them not a word of protest. Not a murmur, despite the months of agitation, the brave defials, the lists of a million signatures. Why were they silent? A new commercial interest—or a new conviction that it is to the world's interest to have Germany healthy and at work? Let us believe the latter. Amid an eloquent silence died the first child of war hysteria. There will be more deaths. Sooner or later to the land of dead myths will go the fear of Bolshevism in America, the belief in Kolchak as redeemer of democracy and the agitation against freedom of speech.

AN international commission of inquiry has been sent to Fiume to investigate the recent disputes between French and Italian soldiers that ended in riots. The quarrels seem chiefly to have been over flags and privileges and sweethearts. But they dramatize what is a real antagonism in foreign policies. Italy wants an empire; France wants Jugoslavia strong enough to be played against Italy (and weak enough to rely on France). An international committee may quiet the soldiers. But it cannot subdue the foreign offices. It is possible that Italian aims on the east coast of the Adriatic may be bought off by offering Italy concessions in Asia Minor and Africa. Such a bargain is hinted at by correspondents in Paris. But that is no real solution of problems in the Adriatic. Nor is it self-determination for the peoples who would serve as pawns in the trade.

THOUGH claims to territory are causing her concern Italy's real problem at the present time is domestic. The government is working frantically to quiet discontent. A new decree puts a severe penalty on profiteers and un-

licensed middlemen. Various local authorities are publishing additional decrees of their own. In Milan foodstuffs and clothing must be sold at fifty per cent of the prices recently current. Despite all efforts it is not yet certain that the food riots and strikes are at an end. The government's action is three years late. With a rebellious populace and a treasury deficit of a billion dollars there is no smooth road ahead for the Nitti cabinet.

FRANCE, as well as Italy, has a problem in the high scale of prices. Six months ago a state food monopoly was proposed by Deputy Albert Thomas as the one means of reducing the cost of living. Brokers and speculators killed his plan. But speculation is today a chief cause of unrest in the French cities. Combined with it are certain political factors. The government persists in keeping a state of siege alive, and a censorship clapped on. In the last test of this issue the Cabinet received a majority of only 54 votes in the Chamber of Deputies, the smallest margin on which any French government has continued in power since the beginning of the war. What makes the political situation still more acute is the fact that in France the labor demonstration against Russian intervention threatens to be far-reaching. The railway unions have voted to tie up traffic completely for twenty-four hours, on July 21st, and the government threatens court-martial.

WHILE the protest of British labor is likely to take the form of parades and demonstrations, rather than of strikes, the industrial situation in England nevertheless remains an acute one. Coincident with reports from the Food Control that food prices will remain high comes an announcement from Sir Auckland Geddes that the price of coal is to be raised six shillings a ton. The British War Office seems panic-stricken. It recently issued secret orders to troop commanders in England, asking if their men would act as strike-breakers. And a copy of the London Herald just arrived from England prints this paragraph from what purports to be secret Air Ministry Orders 1380-1433: "It is undesirable that firing should take place over the heads of the rioters or that blank cartridges should be used." Publication of orders such as these has probably not had a quieting effect on unrest in British industrial centers.

THE British government has proposed an inquiry into the possibilities of federalism for the whole United Kingdom. Its chief motive is apparently to find a solution for the problem in Ireland. While the government has dallied conditions have become more acute. The Secretary for Ireland has proclaimed Sinn Fein an unlawful association. And from the home of Ulsterism, Sir Edward Carson denounces the moderate proposals of Horace Plunkett and issues a warning to America: "I say seriously to America today—you attend to your own affairs and we will attend to ours. . . . We will brook no interference in our own affairs by any country, however powerful."

THE State Department, in reply to a resolution submitted by Mr. Borah, declared that it had no knowledge of a joint protest made by Secretary Lansing, Henry White and General Bliss against Japan's seizure of Shantung. But

from Paris comes confirmation of the fact that the three commissioners did indeed send a joint memorandum to the President. "It was in no sense a protest, however," says the correspondent of the New York Times. The commissioners simply "expressed the opinion that the transfer of Shantung to Japan was contrary to the principles on which the treaty was based." That looks to us very much like a protest, whether you call it one or not. It takes its place beside Mr. Wilson's protest against Italian annexation of Fiume—two honorable American protests far outdistanced by the courage of General Smuts.

IT is possible that in the Senate the Republicans will insist upon making a reservation in respect to Shantung. Mr. McCormick, Mr. Capper, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Johnson and other Republicans have denounced the decision of the Peace Conference. Few Senators are ready to defend the transaction, though most of the Democrats seem to think it their duty to remain silent. With a reservation on Shantung nearly all Americans would be in sympathy. There are other vicious sections in the treaty. There is the Saar and Silesia and the method of assessing Germany's reparation. But these questions are "risky." And the Republican party has long since given up taking risks. Nevertheless a reservation on Shantung would in itself be an indictment of the unforgivable blunders in the treaty.

TESTIFYING before an investigating committee in New York City Mr. J. A. Embry, who used to be an American consul at Omsk, declared that for the unhappy people of Siberia the name of Admiral Kolchak "was like the name of our Savior"—and asserted that it was important to make this statement because "formerly reputable magazines" like *The New Republic* were denouncing the Kolchak government. We should like to ask Mr. Embry why in his testimony before the committee he failed to mention such activities of the Kolchak government as the murders of W. Maisky and N. V. Fomin. Both of these men were prominent Russians. Neither of them was even a Bolshevik. Maisky was at one time a Menshevik Minister of the Samara Government; Fomin was a delegate to the Constituent Assembly dissolved by the Bolsheviks. These murders happened at one time. They happened in Omsk, where Mr. Embry was consul. They were purely political murders, of political leaders, by Kolchak's people. Does Mr. Embry claim that they did not happen? Or can he tell us perhaps the story of how Kolchak executed the murderers? Two weeks ago *The New Republic* published a description of the Kolchak government, written by Dr. Joshua Rosset. We ask Mr. Embry to deny specifically the truth of any part of that description.

ACTION of great significance has been taken by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers. In convention the Firemen and Engineers have voted to cooperate with the three other Brotherhoods in the foundation of a national labor party. It is not clear, from reports that have been sent from the Colorado convention, whether these other Brotherhoods have already agreed in the plan for cooperation, and whether an alliance is contemplated with existing labor parties and farmers' leagues. But the

entrance of the Brotherhoods into politics, as an organized body, has been forecasted ever since the publication of their programme for railway operation. That programme is essentially a political issue. At some not far distant date it is likely that the American Federation of Labor, also aiming at political changes, will follow the lead of the Firemen and Engineers.

JULY 28th has been set as the date for trial in the action of the Attorney-General of New York to annul the charter of the Rand School of Social Science. The case rests on a charge that the School is engaged in "a carefully planned and deliberate attempt to teach a large portion of the people of this state and other states to hold the government of the United States and its institutions in utter contempt and contumely." In our own opinion it is not likely that the Attorney-General will be able to prove the Rand School an advocate of violence and revolution. If he is able only to show that it is the peaceful advocate of political and economic changes, then—no matter whether those changes lead in the direction of the dread word Socialism—his efforts will react upon the heads of those who have forgotten that freedom of thought and speech are the richest items in America's heritage.

ON a subject now receiving sensational treatment by journalists, senators and generals, Bishop Williams, of the Protestant Church in Michigan, makes this comment: "If Bolshevism ever sweeps over America it will be due, not to the I. W. W. and the ignorant proletariat who fly the red flag, but to the blind conservatives who resist the world tide of the new democracy. By wise, well considered industrial reform and social legislation we should guide these swelling aspirations out of the channels of revolution into the channels of constructive evolution. The two systems which are now coming into conflict in our financial and commercial world are the autocracy of privilege and power on the one side and the democracy of service on the other."

THERE are several significant facts in the victory of the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota. One is the way the voters turned out for the referendum on seven League measures (creating a state bank, establishing state grain elevators and flour mills, etc.). More than ninety thousand votes were cast. That is nine-tenths of the total vote cast in the last presidential election—and ordinarily, in any state, a referendum brings out less than half of the voters. In the second place the League's victory indicates that stories of the crumbling power of the League's leaders are not justified. The programme of A. C. Townley was approved by a majority of the voters of North Dakota in the same week that a Minnesota court found Townley guilty of "obstructing the draft law." Finally the result of the election shows that in America the most fundamental sort of economic changes are possible by the use of entirely legal machinery. The League's victory is proof that "propaganda" is a far more effective instrument than "violence."

IN a letter to Congress Mr. Carter Glass declares his confidence that the Treasury will be able to meet its further temporary requirements by the sale of certificates of in-

debtedness upon terms advantageous to the government. But he adds: "I need scarcely say to you that the realization of these sanguine expectations is contingent upon the practice of the most rigid economy by the government and the continuation of ample revenues from taxation." From many quarters there comes a lively propaganda for lower taxes. It will be all too easy for Congress to forget that the end of the war is not in fact the end of the war debt.

INSURGENCY is reported in the Ways and Means Committee of the House. Mr. Fordney, long known as an advocate of tariff for politics only, is pressing for a revision of the entire existing system of duties. Many Republicans disapprove of such a course. They think general revision, immediately, would be unwise. They prefer to begin with measures to protect those industries which owe their foundation to the war. And they believe that if Mr. Fordney does not accept the advice of old friends there will be a combination of insurgents and conservatives that will assume authority in the committee. In the Republican Congress we are finding that each positive issue splits the party.

REPRESENTATIVES of twenty-four American trade unions affiliated in the steel industry have met in Washington and adopted a resolution recommending a strike ballot among their members—more than a million, all told. Definite action on this recommendation will be taken at a conference of the union presidents in Pittsburg, later in the month. If the strike is called it will be exclusively on the issue of enforcing collective bargaining in the great steel plants that have so long resisted unionization.

FEW tendencies are more interesting than the movement of the churches toward advocacy of liberal social reform. The most recent instance is furnished in a new report of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Church: "While we rejoice in the adoption of all such ameliorative measures as better housing and various forms of social insurance, we call for the more thorough-going emphasis on human freedom which will make democratic progress mean the enlargement and enrichment of the life of the masses through the self-directive activity of men themselves." To this end the Board recommends the advancement of workers to positions on boards directing the management of industry.

Mr. Wilson Forgets

THE most remarkable thing about the President's speech to Congress is this: he came to advocate a treaty with Germany; he devoted most of his time to praising the unfinished treaty with Austria and Turkey. It is no wonder that the speech heartened his opponents and depressed his supporters. For the speech virtually ignored the document with which the Senate has to deal.

The treaty, says Mr. Wilson, "constitutes nothing less than a world settlement." By his leave it constitutes a very great deal less. All the treaty does is to organize a league of victors and invited

neutrals, and to define what is to be taken away from Germany. This treaty does not constitute an Austro-Hungarian settlement, a Balkan settlement, a Turkish settlement, an African settlement, or a Russian settlement, and in no accurate sense of the word does it constitute a Far Eastern settlement. It constitutes only the beginning of a settlement with the Germans. And Mr. Wilson, for some reason, altogether forgot even to mention the character of the settlement with Germany. It would be difficult to duplicate this performance. Four hundred and forty articles of peace with Germany, and no attempt to explain how and why those articles constitute a peace with Germany. No effort to explain how those four hundred and forty articles leave western Europe diplomatically or economically. Mr. Wilson simply declined to look this peace in the eye.

Instead he wrote an essay which any tolerably well informed man could have written six months ago without ever going near the Peace Conference. It did not require a trip to Paris to discover any one of the points which make up this address. We all knew that America's main purpose was to make the world safe for democracy; that America sought no indemnities or reparations; that the Allies were depressed in the spring of 1917; that Pershing's army restored Allied morale; that Chateau-Thierry was a glorious action; that the Fourth of July, 1918, was a serious time; that the doughboy was splendid beyond all praise; that there were secret treaties and special interests; that they could not easily be overcome; that Mr. Wilson formulated the principles of settlement; that Paris was crowded with representatives of small nationalities appealing to those principles; that "two great empires had been forced into political bankruptcy" (actually four); that Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania were to be established as independent; that Turkey had to be dismembered; that minorities had to be protected, military establishments reduced, waterways internationalized, economic barriers reduced; that only by a League of Nations could the settlement be administered; that a League of Nations is the hope of the world, and that America must do its part.

Every bit of that is obvious, was known to all men, was said and written a thousand times before the Conference met. But now the Conference has met, and what we need to know from Mr. Wilson is precisely how the different articles of the treaty accomplish the thing which it was necessary and desirable to do. Had this speech been delivered before going to Paris it might be taken as an incomplete statement of what the Conference would have to do. Delivered on his return, it throws no light, not one particle of light, on what was actually done.

Mr. Wilson is still the prophet of a future peace, not the statesman reporting to the Senate on this one.

The thing to talk about now is this peace with Germany, the League as embodied in articles 1 to 26 of this treaty, the boundaries as described in articles 27 to 30, and so on. Perhaps Mr. Wilson will talk about them to the Senate Committee. But why not talk to the people of the United States about them too? We all know that a league is desirable. Is this particular league adapted to its tasks? Do these particular terms propose a workable settlement in central Europe? If we are to talk now about the liberation of the Austrian nationalities, now before we have the terms of that treaty, what are the terms of the liberation, how do they comport with democratic principles, what promise of stability do they contain? Surely the day of mere moralizing and aspiration is over. A treaty has been signed. What is the character of this treaty? That is the question, and it cannot honestly be evaded.

Mr. Wilson is like a man trying to sell the Senate a second-hand automobile. He admits it has its faults. But instead of discussing those faults in order to determine whether they are vital or trivial, he brandishes the original advertisements showing what a splendid car the unused machine was, and points with pride to the excellent trimmings. But on the question of whether the engine will go or not he is discreetly silent. Yet the purpose of a car is to go, and the purpose of a treaty of peace is to make peace.

Mr. Wilson's revulsion against facts and his habit of rhetorical overstatement goes even beyond the ability to ignore the German peace, and to talk about everything but the German peace. It leads him to absolute blunders of fact. There are two striking examples of this which may have serious consequences in Europe. Referring to Yugoslavia, which by the way he never mentions by name, he speaks of "a new Slavic state clustering about Serbia." Anyone in Europe could have told him that this acceptance of the Greater Serbia is profoundly reactionary, and very irritating to the Croats and Slovenes. They have no desire to "cluster" about the corrupt, Oriental dynasty represented by M. Pachitch, and the most important internal problem of this new state turns on the attempt to avoid the hegemony of Serbia. One would suppose that a man who had fought on the issue of Fiume would have been acutely aware of the importance of this question. Mr. Wilson's careless phrase has as much significance in Yugoslavia as if a British statesman should refer to the United States as "that old nation clustering about Tammany Hall."

The other blunder is still more serious. Mr. Wilson says: "*No part of ancient Poland has ever in any true sense become a part of Germany or of Austria, or of Russia.*" Has Mr. Wilson any conception of what this ancient Polish Empire was? It extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and if it were reestablished today would produce the famous Sixty-Million Poland, of which perhaps one-third would be Poles. It would take in millions of Germans, Esths, Letts, Lithuanians, White Russians, Ukrainians, Great Russians. This is exactly the empire that M. Dmowski, the arch-imperialist of Europe, today advocates and desires. He too wishes this "ancient Poland" which was never in any true sense a part of Russia. He asks for it on exactly these grounds. Now Mr. Wilson does not say he must have it. But in an official statement to the American Senate he sponsors the major premise, in defiance of every principle of nationality, democracy, and self-determination which he has ever professed.

No doubt both of these errors of speech are inadvertent. But anyone who knows the method of European diplomacy knows how eagerly just such phrases are seized upon and exploited, and how certain it is that the eastward march of Polish imperialism or the intrigue of the Belgrade courtiers will now be justified all through eastern Europe as in accord with "Wilson principles." It is just this kind of thing that caused Mr. Wilson's downfall in Paris. It is just these inadvertencies, it is just this happy-go-lucky ignoring of the facts, this dotting on inessentials which made the strongest figure in the Big Four so impotent. Mr. Wilson had failed to inform himself of many simple geographical and ethnic facts, he was still more unacquainted with the politics and personalities of Europe; he compounded his ignorance by tolerating a diplomatic service throughout the war which was enough to make the angels weep, and by surrounding himself at Paris with men who were no less inexperienced than he himself. He was isolated from his experts. These experts were isolated from his Department of State. His Department of State was isolated from him. Nobody studied the treaty *as a whole*, for no one man except Mr. Wilson himself knew a tenth of what was going on. It was this condition of affairs, far more than the extended but fundamentally weak ambitions of European governments which sent Mr. Wilson home a defeated man. He failed not because his ideals were too high, but because his practical knowledge was too chaotic. He surrendered his ideals because in the confusion he lost his grip on Europe.

That also is the explanation of the false humility which caused Mr. Wilson to say that it would be "presuming in me to attempt to explain the

questions which arose or the many diverse elements that entered in them." It is his duty to explain them, to submit to the Senate maps and memoranda and briefs and correspondence explaining in detail every implication that human foresight can comprehend of this treaty to which he desires to pledge American lives. It is presuming not to explain, and the Senate, if it is alive to its opportunities and its responsibilities, will use Mr. Wilson's offer to place himself at its disposal to elicit a thorough explanation.

The Myth of Capitalistic Rationality

CAPITALISM is not a system; it is not a community of interest and action; it is merely a regime like the hypothetical matriarchate, unified only in the logic of its philosophical critics. That is a conclusion which forces itself upon every dispassionate student of recent history and the present condition of the world. If capitalism had been the coherent system of interests illuminated by cold headed craft that the more vehement among the socialists posited, would it have permitted a war that might fairly have been expected to destroy or at least to becloud the essential titles to private property from the Urals to the Atlantic Ocean? The tendency of modern war to destroy not merely lives and physical property, but also the habits and dispositions of industry and thrift, on which capitalism is based, must have been evident to every man well enough informed to be entrusted with a position of power either in business or in government. Certainly it was evident to the leaders of finance and industry, who are popularly supposed to be most alive to the responsibility of protecting the special interests of all property. Those men held in their hands an immense power. They had their faithful servants in the legislatures and they could command a voice in the constitution of the responsible executive. They could control the greater part of the press and through it could exert a profound influence upon public opinion. Well, what did they do, in the quiet decade before the war, to reduce the risk of conflict? Did they seek to repress the romantic devotees of the purgative theory of war, as they sought to repress the much less dangerous advocates of a violent civil revolution? Did they bully jingoism out of the press and pulpit by the threat of support withdrawn, as they would have bullied the comparatively innocuous preaching of anarchism? Oh no! They let the world drive headlong toward the precipice and amused themselves with calculations of sutler's

profits and of the money to be made out of the junk, though the profits were obviously to come out of their own pockets and the junk was to be the final miserable fragments of their own productive machinery.

But this, it may be said, is to unite the good capitalists who didn't want war with the bad ones who did, all in a common indictment. Exactly, and this is the point we are making. The number of capitalists who could expect to make anything out of war was small, and the number who could expect to see their property destroyed or confiscated or eaten up by taxes was very large. The bad ones—the Krupps and their kind—were working incessantly for war. The good ones were doing nothing. Can anyone adduce a single instance of Krupp money rejected as dirty money, of Krupp stocks treated as a scandalous possession, of Krupp newspapers perishing through the disfavor of advertisers? Or any analogous instance, anywhere in the wide world, of an attempt on the part of the majority of capitalists whose interests were menaced by war, to repress the war-inciting activities of the minority? But if capitalism were really a system, acting rationally to defend its interests, such instances would be everywhere in evidence. Capitalistic rationality is a myth, an exploded myth.

Rationality does not preclude mistakes; perhaps capitalism has learned from the war the necessity of applying systematic intelligence to the problems of peace? No: observe the present behavior of the governments of Europe—class organs of capitalism, if capitalism chose. European economic life is a close knit fabric. Unless England works, neither France nor Italy can be properly clad nor provided with fuel; unless Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary work, Austria must hunger; unless Germany works, the greater part of central and eastern Europe must lack the goods that are needed to reanimate the energies of labor. It may be in the interest of the archaic nationalism of Rumania to deny petroleum to Yugoslavia while the Banat is under discussion; it may be in the interest of Czecho-Slovak nationalism to cut off the shipment of coal to the Magyar republic. Territorial and sentimental interests of France and England may have justified the continuance of the blockade of Germany down to the present moment. None of that was in the interest of capitalism. Indeed, the interests of capitalism appear to have decayed much more rapidly under the discussion of the peace than during the war. Capitalism has put forward no rational plan for coping with the galloping disintegration of Europe except the absurdly futile one of warring upon the anti-capitalistic order that emerges by necessity where the disintegration is complete. For we may enter to the account of

humanity rather than to that of reconstruction the food doles, granted under no matter what political conditions. From the point of view of capitalism there is a world of difference between food doled out and food earned. The former may postpone the breakdown of institutions; the latter alone can restore them to stability. Now, except for a few minor reconstruction enterprises, no disposition is exhibited by capitalism or the governments it is supposed to control to give primacy to the essential problem of setting all Europe at work to earn the wherewithal to live comfortably. And unless all signs are deceptive beyond belief, the Peace Conference will dissolve leaving all Europe economically disordered, each nationalistic state seeking another's harm rather than the common good or even its own good.

Well, thank God, we in America have no immediate problem of disintegration to deal with. But we do not lack forces of disintegration, menacing the future stability of our system of private property. The Reds, the anarchists, the I. W. W.'s, the Bolsheviki, of the street and the parlor varieties? Yes, we have such picturesque firebrands: let those worry about the Reds who can think of nothing better to do. But there is something better to do, and if American capitalism were self-conscious and rational something better would be done.

In our city of New York where do we find the more effective agents of discontent and disorder, in the ranks of the Reds or in the ranks of the profiteering landlords? Attend, if you will, the most violent revolutionary harangue and listen to the comments of the auditors near you. Unless the audience is packed those comments will pretty thoroughly neutralize one another. It was not without design that the "mob" was made many-headed. But attend a general eviction of tenants who refuse to meet the latest raise in rents, and you will find that all the comments, of victims and bystanders alike, tend in one direction, and that direction looks toward Moscow. What more effective propagandist of violent change have we than the meat trade, which according to common belief and according to Acting Commissioner Ousley of the Department of Agriculture, has worked out such an arrangement of retail prices that meat is too cheap to produce and too dear to eat? Every popular uprising in history has arisen out of a food crisis, yet our capitalists, big and little, sink themselves in a study of the mailing list of the latest Red establishment raided, oblivious of the deepening red that suffuses the reports of retail prices.

Capitalism is without heart, say the socialists. That may be true; what is more serious, from the point of view of the individual capitalist, is that the system is without head. Of the millions of men

in America who are conscious beneficiaries of the capitalistic system, how many are the beneficiaries of offensively profiteering enterprises? We venture to assert, a negligible fraction. Of the two hundred billions of American property values, how great a proportion is sustained by extortionate profits? A very small one. Yet the inoffensive millions who hold the great bulk of the innocuous property permit a grasping minority to jeopardize the whole property interest. Permit it? Rather, they approve it, and make common cause with those who thus plot against the commonwealth and the ultimate interest of their class. Suggest that a limit be placed upon profiteering and the non-profiteering property holders join in the cry "Bolshevik!" To what sinister end are the gods making them so mad?

But, it may be said, profiteering is not really the whole heart of the present discontent. The price of milk and meat and shoes would go up though nobody were profiteering. Costs generally are rising, and with them prices, but does the consumer pause to consider that the margin between prices and costs is perhaps no greater than it formerly was? No indeed, he cries out against rising prices without reflecting upon their cause; he inclines to revolutionary ideas because he thinks he is oppressed by men who are in fact themselves oppressed by the same general cause of rising prices. Why should he not? The kind of income on which most men depend, wages, does not rise automatically but by a process of bargaining and struggle. During the last twenty years American wages, translated into the goods you can buy with them, have not risen except for a minute fraction of the working class. All the work of organization, all the strikes and boycotts, all the attendant bitterness and violence have merely served to keep real wages where they were in face of rising prices. If prices had been kept stationary we should not have needed all that strife and antagonism between classes. But can prices be kept stationary? Yes, to be sure, the problem is by no means so difficult, technically, as the problems our engineers are solving every day. All that is requisite to its solution is that the class which is most concerned with public order apply imagination and intelligence to the task. But will it? A scientist like Professor Fisher may set before any capitalistic audience a perfectly simple and workable scheme for chaining down the price mechanism, to keep it from sweeping disastrously back and forth like a deck cargo in a storm. And each man will say to his neighbor, "It looks all right, but I don't like change." No, you don't like it; see that you don't get more of it than the minimum that is offered you.

Conservation of natural resources is in the in-

terest of capitalism as a whole. Was there ever a conservation movement that was not thrust upon capitalism by reformers at large? Even today after two decades of agitation for conservation we are mining coal wastefully, cutting our forests wastefully, robbing our soil, though capitalism can live only by surplus production, and every surplus is narrowly dependent on unexhausted natural resources. There is one of these, the most important of all, that is not even considered, much less conserved. That is the habit of industry of the working population. Just a slight percentage of deterioration in the productive efficiency of the working population would be sufficient to jeopardize much of the capitalistic structure. Yet what common action do our capitalists take to conserve this most valuable of resources? None.

The point is worth dwelling on. What makes the difference between the productive capacity of the European or American laborer and that of the Polynesian or Mexican? A long schooling in industry, under feudalism, and under simple commercialism, with a definite relation between product and producer. Wage labor has always existed sporadically but there is no historical precedent for whole populations continuing at work for generation after generation with no relation to production except the exchange of effort for money wages. That system, where it has been longest established, as in England, makes for a lack of interest, which registers itself in an output per man declining in spite of the steady progress in labor saving machinery. "Take your time"; "go easy"; "ca' canny"; what British employer tires of inveighing against these watchwords or of unfolding their consequences for Britain's place in the world? Our own industry is newer; it exploits habits of workmanship that are nearer the virgin state; but that should not delude anyone into believing that our habits of workmanship are anything but a wasting resource, unless a new relationship can be established between the worker and the enterprise that engages him.

While the soil of capitalism is new, it suffices to buy a man's physical powers and habits of work. For a permanent system it is necessary to enlist also his personal interest and loyalty. That is coming to be a commonplace with the more progressive employers, who are experimenting with profit-sharing, copartnership, labor representation and the like. Are they winning the support of the rest of their class? No; the average employer looks upon these experimenters rather as fellows who may give an impetus to discontent.

If capitalism were a system dominated by a common interest, animated by a common intelligence, stupidities such as those we have mentioned would

be plainly unthinkable. Can it not, however, grow into a real system, adopt an intelligent statecraft and give itself a chance for life? While it held the modern world alone, intelligence was not essential to survival. But now a new regime has arisen to dispute the hegemony with capitalism. What is appearing in Europe is a society based upon labor instead of upon capital. The new regime is likely to be closely organized and conducted with an imaginative statesmanship. The capitalistic regime may prove the more efficient in spite of its manifold stupidities. But victory is not often awarded to overconfidence. Now while the menace is remote it is time for those who cherish the system of private property to deliberate what may be done to strip it of its vices and fit it for survival.

In the Senate

BEHIND a screen which seemed to offer good enough protection, several of the Old Guard leaders in the Senate have attempted to strike a blow at one of the best administrative agencies we have in Washington. The screen was a focus of public attention—insofar as it is centered upon the Senate at all—on the pending action in respect to the League of Nations Covenant. The agency at which a blow was struck was the Tariff Commission.

The action of the Old Guard leaders came in the handling of a measure known as the Sundry Civil bill, a bill carrying appropriations for various administrative offices. As passed by the House of Representatives the bill set aside \$300,000 for the use of the Tariff Commission. This was an increase of \$100,000 over the previous year's appropriation. There was an obvious reason for it. Since the armistice the Commission has been working at top speed, with an undersized staff. It has issued general reports upon the uneasy trade conditions prevailing everywhere; and to the immediate needs of Congress it has given a quick response. Recently the Ways and Means Committee of the House held hearings on the question of raising tariff rates on potash. That is a question of major importance to the American farmer, and one on which he differs sharply with the American manufacturer of potash. The Committee held its hearings. Then, having collected a great many odds and ends of information, it asked the Tariff Commission whether it could furnish additional data. The Commission had anticipated such a request. It had a report ready. It sent that report to Congress immediately.

The Tariff Commission has made other prompt reports to Congress; some of its recommendations have already found their way into law. It has prepared data on dyes, magnesite, optical glass and

chemical glassware. Without sufficient funds it has made itself extremely useful at an important moment. If Americans were interested in following the work of administrative agencies in Washington, and were able to, they would be certain to agree that an additional \$100,000 for the Tariff Commission is a good national investment. Particularly would they think so, if they were interested enough to scan the rest of the Sundry Civil bill and discover how simply appropriations of \$100,000 can be made: \$103,550 for post-offices in Batavia and Apalachicola; \$139,000 for public buildings in East Las Vegas and Gallipolis. There are 128 fat building appropriations in the Sundry Civil bill. In such company the Tariff Commission increase is a modest item.

Three hundred thousand dollars, then, was the sum carried in the bill when it came from the House to the Senate. There it was referred, as all such bills are referred, to the Committee on Appropriations. It is important to note the chairman of this Committee, and its ranking member. They are, respectively, Francis E. Warren and Reed Smoot. There are eighteen other members; but among them are only four progressive or near-progressive names: Kenyon, Owen, Gronna, and Jones of Washington.

After due deliberation the Committee brought its measure back into the Senate. It had made certain changes. One of them involved the appropriation for the Tariff Commission. To be sure, the Committee had not called any of the members of the Commission before it. It had called on no one to testify in respect to the Commission's work. But that did not prevent it from taking drastic action. It took drastic action indeed. It did not stop with cutting the appropriation down to the figure of last year. It cut the appropriation out entirely. It left the Commission not a penny.

If the Committee expected that this action would cause no stir in the Senate, it was due for a disappointment. The amendment of the Committee was attacked on both sides of the house. Norris, Lenroot and a dozen other Senators reviewed the performances of the Tariff Commission and demanded that there be a record vote on the Committee's action. Such a vote they won. On the floor of the open house many Senators lost the courage they had had in the secrecy of the Committee room. The Committee amendment was rejected by a vote of 57 to 2—and the two were Messrs. Smoot and Warren. The \$300,000 of the Tariff Commission was restored.

Throughout an afternoon's debate just one explanation was given of the way the Committee had acted. There is a device in the Congressional machinery known as the "conference." Whenever

there are differences in the Senate and House versions of a bill, conferees are appointed (usually three from each house) and in secret session they bargain for an agreement. Mr. Smoot's explanation of the Committee's action was that it seemed wiser to deal with the Tariff Commission's appropriation "in conference." What this meant was that instead of settling the question in the open Senate he proposed that it be settled in secrecy by a small group of conferees. Who would be the majority conferees for the Senate? There would be two of them. And by the seniority rule those two would be Messrs. Smoot and Warren.

During a long period of years the committees of Congress have been usurping more and more power. But it is an almost unprecedented thing for a committee that has not even held hearings to take action amounting to the repeal of an organic law. Especially dangerous is such action when committee secrecy is linked up with conference secrecy, to play both ends against the Senate as a whole. Committee and conference power has at various times shown great vitality. There has never been a more significant instance than this one.

But behind the demonstration of committee power was a desire on the part of the Old Guard to strike at the Tariff Commission particularly. Why? It is no new thing to find Congress suspicious of agencies which it has itself created. But in the present instance there was a genuine reason for the reactionary Senators to be uneasy. The Tariff Commission is a liberal institution. Its chairman, Dr. Taussig, is a scientist utterly indifferent to the by-play of politics. Its ranking Republican member, Mr. Culbertson, holds no dogmatic Republican view of the tariff. Three of its other members—Mr. Kent, Mr. Costigan and Mr. Lewis—are among the best liberals we have in Washington. In the darkness of the committee room the Old Guard was able to muster a majority. That it failed in the open this time is no reason for confidence that it will not make the attempt to strike again.

President Masaryk on Russian Intervention

WHAT troops have done the most successful fighting against the Red armies of Soviet Russia? The Czecho-Slovak Legion. Who organized the Czecho-Slovak Legion? Thomas G. Masaryk. Who is Mr. Masaryk? The President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. Is Mr. Masaryk entitled to an opinion on Russian intervention? He has one, and it appears in the Christian Science Monitor of July 6th. After denounc-

ing Bolshevism strongly, this is what President Masaryk said:

I did not absolutely deprecate a military expedition to Russia, but I tried to show the Allies the difficulties of any such undertaking. My knowledge of Russian mentality certainly gave weight to the opinions which I expressed. My opinion is that either we must send to Russia a powerful military expedition, or abstain entirely from military intervention.

It would be difficult to organize an expedition of sufficient numerical strength. The British and French soldiers, to say nothing of the Americans, have only one single desire, and that is to return home and to resume normal conditions of life. Volunteers? I estimate that at least one year would be required to raise, organize and transport to Russia an army sufficiently large to be effective. As to Japan, all her forces would barely suffice to reestablish order in Russia.

Nevertheless, I am not of the opinion that we ought to leave the Russians alone. *I think it is the duty of the Allies to enter into relations with all Russian groups and with all existing Russian governments. There was nothing monstrous about the Prinkipo proposal. I should like to see the Allies entering into relations with Lenin, Kolchak and Denikin.* The Allies ought to control each phase of the evolution of Russian affairs, for fear lest the Germans follow this line of policy, unless forestalled. *The Allies must help Russia, but by peaceful methods.* Let us intervene administratively by means of commissions operating in Russia. Let us refrain from shedding blood uselessly and from prolonging the war in Russia at the risk of stimulating Bolshevism.

Here in a few words is the whole point of the matter. Make war or make peace. Fight or quit fighting. Intervene or stay out. Those are real alternatives, and they are submitted not by a parlor Bolshevik, but by the President of a nation that is regarded as the "bastion of Central Europe" against the westerly drift of Bolshevism. Are we to ignore Mr. Masaryk and listen only to Mr. Sack and Mr. Jerome Landfield? We challenge the New York Times to answer Mr. Masaryk. We appeal to the New York World, as a paper still possessed of an American impulse in regard to European affairs, to comment on this message. Mr. Masaryk is not on any mailing list, his soldiers have died fighting Bolsheviks in Russia, and he speaks thus. No honorable man, no matter what his prejudices, can ignore him.

The Council of Five has ignored him. The latest bit of magnificence is to fight the Soviets by means of the military attachés in Helsingfors, Finland. The Finns are to do the fighting, the attachés are to do the pushing.

Approval of a plan for a concerted (sic) attack upon Petrograd by Finnish troops and (sic) the forces of the Kolchak government at Omsk was given today by the Council of Five.

So runs the dispatch from Paris. The Kolchak forces are just about eight or nine hundred miles from Petrograd and they are retreating. If this does not secure for Mr. Lansing, our genius on the

Council of Five, the booby prize for strategy it will be a great injustice.

Of course it is possible to take Petrograd. But it will not be Kolchak who takes it. It will be the White Finns, the ex-pro-German Finns, now the pro-Ally-Finns. The gentlemen whom we are entrusting with the crusade to Petrograd are the same people for whom General Mannerheim spoke when German troops landed in Finland: "I am convinced that this brotherhood in arms will only serve to strengthen the friendship and confidence which Finland has always felt for Germany's great Kaiser and his mighty people." Now that the great Kaiser is a fugitive the brotherhood in arms is transferred to us. That is not quite accurate. It is transferred to the military attaché at Helsingfors. What a performance for a great people: egging on little states to fight big states because we do not dare do the fighting ourselves.

We do not know what bribery has been given to Mannerheim's Finnish government, but we do know that he is a mad gambler with his country's fate. The monarchists who surround Kolchak and who will either make a tool of him or discard him, should he ever conquer Russia, will not even now, when promises are cheap, promise Finland the independence which even Lenin concedes her. Says Kolchak: "We are disposed at once to recognize the *de facto* government of Finland, but the final solution of the Finnish question must belong to the Constitutional Assembly." If that pleases patriotic Finns they are indeed a gullible people.

For what of Kolchak's constituent assembly? This is supposed to be his special recommendation. The Associated Powers in their note of May 26, 1919, lay down this condition:

That *as soon* as they reach Moscow they will summon a constituent assembly, elected by a free, secret, and democratic franchise as the Supreme Legislature for Russia, to which the government of Russia must be responsible, *or if at that time order is not sufficiently restored*, they will summon the constituent assembly of 1917 to sit until such time as new elections are possible.

Admirable. 1. A constituent assembly. 2. A democratic franchise. 3. Immediately, or if that is not possible, then the assembly of 1917. Now note Kolchak's reply. He will set no time for convoking the new assembly. He will not call the old one. Why? Because it was elected "under a regime of Bolshevik violence." Some one is mad. This assembly of 1917 was destroyed by the Bolsheviks, and the fact that they destroyed it has always been one of the most powerful indictments against them. The Bolsheviks closed up the assembly of 1917 because it was not Bolshevik. That was one of the main acts of the dictatorship. Now we learn that this anti-Bolshevik assembly

cannot be convened because it is Bolshevik.

This simply proves that Kolchak is not at war with the Bolsheviks alone, but with all the democratic forces in Russia. Like his spiritual brethren Mr. Archibald Stevenson and the editor of the New York Times everybody is a Bolshevik who does not agree with him. Even anti-Bolsheviks, even men who have been suppressed by the Bolsheviks are Bolsheviks if they are a little more democratic than Kolchak.

To this splendid democrat and his allied chieftains, the President of the United States is lending military assistance. For the sake of this man we have casualty lists from Siberia and the wastes of North Russia. By what right does Woodrow Wilson engage in this business? We trust he will not pretend that he is waging war against Germany. Then what is he doing? Where is the declaration of war by Congress? Where are the appropriation bills which authorize him to conduct wars, and incite wars in various parts of Europe and Asia? Who gave him a legal title to order troops drafted from the city of Detroit into battle two hundred miles or more from Archangel months after the armistice with Germany? He is the Commander-in-Chief of those boys. They have died in wars which under the American Constitution he has no title to wage. As President he promises "munitions, supplies and food" to Kolchak. Where are they to come from? Who appropriated money for them? Has Congress lost all its privileges—the right to declare war, the right to make peace, the right to govern the finances of America?

We believe that Woodrow Wilson meant well and that what he has done he has been forced against his judgment to do. But he must explain, for what he has done is to lose himself so completely in the mazes of European intrigue that he no longer seems to know where his legal authority ends.

The Trial of the Kaiser

THERE is no precedent, it is said, for trying the head of a state on the charge of a "supreme offense against international morality." Neither is there any precedent for an offense of such magnitude as the late war. All the crimes of centuries weigh light in comparison with the crime that slaughtered seven million men and infused despair and anguish into the breasts of hundreds of millions of persons who will never be able to re-establish their lives and make them whole. Did the Kaiser will this crime? Most of the world believes it. Then why should he not stand trial? Because such crimes have hitherto been committed

with impunity? Every crime was committed with impunity, at the outset. The first trial for murder went beyond precedent, in response to instincts of justice that refused to be thwarted. If there is no precedent to cover the crime with which the Kaiser is charged, then a precedent ought to be made.

But perhaps the Kaiser was only the tool in the hands of other criminal war makers. Let the trial establish the fact: the peoples of the world will profit by knowing how the head of a state can be captured by persons unknown or little known and used by them as a tool of destruction. Perhaps neither the Kaiser nor any of those who surrounded him, by act of personal responsibility made war inevitable. Then the peoples ought to know that in the constitution of the modern state there resides an incalculable power for evil, like an immense stock of explosives securely warehoused but disintegrating toward combustion by obscure spontaneous laws. Perhaps this irresponsibility was international so that the crime hovering over all states, might have fastened itself upon Russia or France or England, if German diplomacy had been more subtle. The peoples ought to know, and they would have an opportunity of knowing, if the trial of the Kaiser were conducted in the supreme interest of the peoples.

There is a *prima facie* case against the Kaiser, and the whole world is the plaintiff. The world demands justice, enlightened justice that will make the peace more secure for the future. It does not want to be beguiled with a victim, whatever his character or station. This demand of all humanity for justice and light is so definite that the only task of honest statesmanship was to provide appropriate means for satisfying it. And the character of those means, one would have supposed, should have been obvious. First of all, a tribunal, representing all the peoples, late belligerents on both sides, and neutrals, should have been constituted. That tribunal should have been granted power to summon diplomats and ministers, kings and presidents, whomsoever might throw light upon the fatal events leading up to the war. Along with the Kaiser, not only the German Junkers and generals should be heard, but Sazonoff and Sir Edward Gray, Sonnino and Giolitti, Viviani and Caillaux; white books and blue books and yellow books should be overhauled and the truth winnowed out of the propaganda. A trial like that would be a fitting close of an old order that made world wars possible. It would be a fitting inauguration of a new order under which rulers shall be made to recognize that their personal and party ambitions are as nothing when weighed against the interests of the peoples.

That is the kind of trial that would profit the

peoples. What kind of trial have our representatives in Paris designed for us? There is to be a tribunal sitting in London, representative not of the world nor of the peoples, but of the belligerent governments. Why in London instead of at Geneva, the seat of the League? Because the irresistibly seductive Lloyd George wheedled it out of his colleagues in a cloak-room negotiation. He needs a Kaiser trial for dramatic effect. Why a tribunal of conquerors instead of one which might be presumed to be impartial? Is it because the Allied statesmen are afraid that an impartial tribunal would find the guilt for the war too widely diffused?

But it is not merely that the Big Three have defeated the legitimate desire of the peoples for the trial of the Kaiser before an impartial tribunal. They have limited the scope of the inquiry so as to exclude what is most vital. The Kaiser is to be tried not for his part in bringing on the war, but for his part in ordering the invasion of Belgium. Not for the greater crime of unprovoked war, which concerns the world most, but for the lesser crime of violating neutral soil, a crime which every great war is likely to drag in its train. Are the Allied statesmen unwilling to try the Kaiser on the major charge, for fear that the findings even of a packed court might be embarrassing?

Instead of the justice demanded by the peoples, our statesmen are offering us a victim. Instead of a fair and searching trial, they are offering us a dramatic spectacle. Apparently it has never occurred to them that such juggling denotes a contempt for the peoples that ill beseems those who speak in the name of democracy. Democracy demands a real trial. If the statesmen dare not give it, then let them apply the sponge of oblivion.

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Legislation Against Anarchy

THE presence in our midst of new forces that make for disorder and violence renders it desirable to review the resources of our law for dealing with insurrection, bombs, and assassination, and to examine calmly recent and pending legislation to prevent the promotion of anarchy. The disruption of our social and economic fabric by revolution, or even the continual recurrence of local outrages, would be so disastrous that they ought to be prevented in the wisest and most effective manner. Many persons take it for granted that any statute which is directed against those evils must be beneficial. That does not necessarily follow. If an emergency really exists, it behooves us all to keep cool, and consider with great care any new laws, and particularly the Overman bill lately introduced in Congress, to see whether they are actually needed to combat the danger, whether they will really meet it, and whether in the haste and excitement of the moment our legislators may not be going much too far.

This country has been able without any anarchy acts to cope with several insurrections like Shay's Rebellion and the Dorr War, a considerable amount of anarchy, and a great many turbulent strikes. May it not be that a wise and vigorous enforcement of the ordinary criminal law will meet most, if not all, of the present danger?

As far as state prosecutions are concerned, there has been very little need of specific legislation against anarchy and criminal syndicalism. Actual violence against the government, life, and property is punishable everywhere. Those who plan or counsel such violence are liable even if they do not

actively participate. When several policemen were killed by a bomb at the Haymarket in Chicago in 1886, Spies and other anarchists were convicted and executed though it was clear that some one else threw the bomb. Nor is it necessary that any criminal act shall take place. An unsuccessful attempt at a serious crime or solicitation of another to commit it is punishable under the general criminal law. Chief Justice Morton of Massachusetts said in 1883, while upholding the sentence of one Flagg for urging another without success to burn down a barn: "It is an indictable offense at common law to counsel and solicit another to commit a felony or other aggravated offense, although the solicitation is of no effect, and the crime counselled is not in fact committed." Consequently the normal law of the states and the District of Columbia, apart from any legislation against anarchy, enables the police and the courts to deal vigorously with actual or threatened insurrection, explosions, or assassination.*

The persons of the President and other Federal officials are protected by these laws in the District and the various States. Thus the assassin of President McKinley was convicted in New York. If it is felt to be safer that crimes against such men should also be subject to prosecution in the Federal courts, it seems clear that Congress has power so to provide, since any injury to them would seriously impede the operation of the national government. The United States Supreme Court has already decided in the Neagle case that the Federal government has power to protect the lives of its judges, and the same principle applies to the President or

[Note on Laws of States and D. C.]

*For purposes of illustration I have added references to the normal law of four jurisdictions which have lately been alarmed over anarchy. If the law of any other state is incomplete, a definite provision as to criminal attempt or solicitation will meet the need far more wisely than the enactment of a vague and sweeping act against anarchy.

Massachusetts: Treason, R. L. (1902) c. 206; murder or attempt to murder, c. 207; destruction of property by explosives, or attempt thereto, c. 208 §§85, 86; indirect participation in a crime, c. 215, §3; attempts to commit any crime, c. 215 §6; solicitation of another to commit a crime is punishable under this section, *Commonwealth v. Peaslee*, 177 Mass. 267, and also at common law, *Commonwealth v. Flagg*, 135 Mass. 545, quoted in the text.

New York: Treason, Penal Law (1909), §§2380-2383; murder, §1044ff.; damage to building by explosive, §1420; manufacture, storing or shipping of explosives, §1894; attempt to injure building without damage, §1895; indirect participation or attempt to commit any crime, §§2, 260-262; solicitation of another to commit a crime is probably

punishable under this section, *People v. Strauss*, 100 Misc. 661, and also at common law; any act seriously disturbing the person or property of another, or seriously disturbing the public peace, §43; this includes advocacy of revolution and assassination, *People v. Most*, 171 N. Y. 423. The N. Y. anarchy act is discussed in the body of the article.

Washington: Treason, Remington's Code (1915), §§2317-2319; murder, §2392ff.; damage by explosives, or placing them, §§2652, 2653; unlawful making, storing, or shipping explosives, §§2403, 2504, 2506; indirect participation in any crime, §2260; attempts toward any crime, §2264; solicitation of another is punishable under this section, *State v. George*, 79 Wash. 262, and also at common law. The Wash. anarchy act is discussed in the body of the article.

District of Columbia: Treason, punishable under general Federal law; murder, Code, §798; placing explosives near buildings or discharging them, §§825a, 885; indirect participation in crime, §908; attempts, §906; solicitation is probably a common law offense punishable under §910.

any other official. The new statute should punish, not only actual injuries to these persons, but also unsuccessful attempts and incitement of others to commit such injuries, for such abortive conduct would not be criminal in the United States courts unless expressly made so.*

No Congressional legislation is needed to make criminal any scheme to overthrow the United States government by bombs or any other means. A glance at the first eight sections of the Federal Criminal Code suffices to prove this. Levying war against the United States is treason punishable with death, and recruiting or enlisting for armed hostility against the United States is a serious crime. Conduct short of insurrection is penalized in section 6. "If two or more persons . . . conspire to overthrow, put down, or to destroy by force the government of the United States, or to levy war against them, or to oppose by force the authority thereof, or by force to prevent, hinder, or delay the execution of any law of the United States," they are each liable to six years in prison or \$5,000 fine or both. It is of course well settled that conspiracy does not have to succeed to be punishable. All that is required is a common design to commit a crime, and some overt act in pursuance of the design. The act may be entirely innocent in itself. If any further protection against threatened revolution is needed, it is furnished by section 37 of the Criminal Code, which punishes with severity conspiracy "to commit any offense against the United States."

One other feature of the existing Federal law deserves attention. The chief danger from anarchists arises through the use of explosives, and if these are kept under Federal control the country will be reasonably safe from bombs and dynamite. On October 6, 1917, Congress passed an elaborate statute making it unlawful when the United States is at war to manufacture, distribute, store, use, or possess explosives, fuses, detonators, etc., except under specified regulations, which include a requirement for a government license given only after full information. This statute is automatically suspended during peace, but Congress would do well to continue it, and could, it seems, accomplish this constitutionally under its powers to regulate interstate and foreign commerce and to conserve material needed for army and navy use. Under this statute it would be practically impossible for unauthorized persons to secure enough explosives to cause extensive damage.

With these suggested amendments to the Federal statutes to protect the lives and persons of United States officials and regulate the use of explosives in peace, the normal law will be entirely adequate to guard us against dangerous anarchy. Violence and direct provocation to violence will be severely punished, and the instruments of outrage will be removed. I have dwelt at such length upon the ordinary law because I want everyone to understand that the so-called anarchy acts, insofar as they are not an unnecessary duplication of this ordinary law, are not directed against the commission of violence but against the expression and holding of opinions which are distasteful to the majority of citizens. Most of them are so sweeping as to suppress agitation which is neither dangerous nor anarchistic. The people may be led to accept such statutes because they fear anarchy, but they will soon find that all sorts of radical and even liberal views have thereby become crimes. These acts have been drafted by men who are so anxious to avoid any disturbance of law and order that they have punished by long prison terms and heavy fines not only direct provocation to the use of force, but also the promulgation of any ideas which might possibly if accepted cause some one to employ force.

The normal law punishes speech and other conduct which falls short of criminal acts only if it comes somewhere near success and renders the commission of actual crime probable. As Justice Holmes recently said in the Schenck decision, "The question in every case is whether the words are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent." If I foolishly fire off a pistol with the intention of killing a man ten miles away, the law does not hold me guilty of an attempt to murder. And the law wisely treats most fulminations against the social fabric in the same way. Now, all vigorous criticism of the form of government or the economic system or particular laws may by arousing passion or engendering conviction of the iniquity of existing conditions lead indirectly to violence. Even an ardent oration urging the repeal of a statute may lead hearers to disobey it. We are always tempted to apprehend such results from opinions to which we are opposed. It is easy to believe that doctrines very different from our own are so objectionable that they could only come into operation through force, so that their

[Note on Federal Criminal Law]

*Section 332 of the U. S. Criminal Code punishes one who "aids, abets, counsels, commands, induces or procures" a crime. In *Billingsley v. U. S.*, 249 Fed. 331, it

was suggested that the crime need not be committed, but the cases generally tend the other way. *U. S. v. Rogers*, 226 Fed. 512. In every case under this section the criminal act had been committed.

advocates must necessarily favor criminal acts. The difference between the expression of radical views and direct provocation to revolution is only a difference of degree, but it is a difference which the normal criminal law regards as all important.

There are always men who want the law to go much farther and nip opinions in the bud before they become dangerous because they may eventually be dangerous. Such an attitude is particularly common in a period of unrest like the present, especially during a foreign revolution or after assassinations, when coercion and violence follow each other in a vicious circle. George III's judges transported men who wanted to do away with rotten boroughs, because the agitation might lead the people of Great Britain to imitate the Reign of Terror. Restoration France, after the assassination of the Duc de Berri, passed a law to suppress any journal "if the spirit resulting from a succession of articles would be of a nature to cause injury to the public peace and the stability of constitutional institutions." It was only with the disappearance of these *procès de tendance* that the press once more became free, and now in France one can urge a change in the form of government to monarchy or empire with impunity.

Abolition of slavery could never be mentioned in the ante-bellum South because it might cause a negro uprising. A similar sensitiveness to possible bad results led to the prohibition of Mrs. Warren's Profession and September Morn. Since almost any opinion has some dangerous tendencies, it is obvious that its suppression on that account puts an end to thorough discussion. The limitation of the punishment of speech to direct provocation to crime is the essential element of the freedom of the press.

The normal criminal law is willing to run risks for the sake of open discussion, believing that truth will prevail over falsehood if both are given a fair field, and that argument and counter-argument are the best method which man has devised for ascertaining the right course of action for individuals or a nation. It holds that error is its own cure in the end, and the worse the error, the sooner it will be rejected. Attorney-General Gregory has defended the Espionage act on the ground that propaganda is especially dangerous in a country governed by public opinion. I believe this to be wholly wrong. Free discussion will expose the lies and fallacies of propaganda, while in a country where opinion is suppressed propaganda finds subterranean channels where it cannot be attacked by its opponents.

The vital distinction between the normal criminal law and most of the anarchy acts is that they are not willing to run any risks as to opinions generally considered objectionable, but make opinion in itself

and for its own sake a crime, though there is no direct and dangerous interference with order and only a remote possibility that violence will ensue.

There are several types of anarchy acts. The simplest is the red flag law, recently adopted by New York and Oklahoma. The New York statute of May 5, 1919, makes it a misdemeanor to display the banner "in any public assembly or parade as a symbol or emblem of any organization or association, or in furtherance of any political, social or economic principle, doctrine or propaganda." The policy behind this legislation resembles the rule of the British government that the Uganda tribes must not wear war-paint except on the chief's birthday. If Americans can not be trusted any more than African natives to avoid the psychological effects of color, well and good. So far, the exact meaning of the red flag seems rather obscure. Some say it stands for bloody revolution, and others, the brotherhood of workingmen throughout the world. It might be desirable to find out which is right before we forbid it. There is no doubt that its display on May Day last was accompanied by much lawlessness—chiefly on the part of the supporters of law and order. Until the opponents of force can restrain themselves from mobbing any parade which carries a red flag, it may be wise to prohibit its use. We ought to remember, however, that if it is made a forbidden symbol its emotional appeal when displayed in secret is immeasurably heightened. The resentment caused by such laws will not be lessened by the recent respect paid by mayors, governors, and legislators to an acknowledged banner of revolution, the green, white, and yellow of Ireland. Massachusetts once had a red flag law, which was declared constitutional, and then repealed because it made the Harvard crimson illegal. It is to be hoped that other portions of this land of the brave will also be willing to face valiantly a piece of cloth. There is much merit in the North Dakotan remark that the only animal that is afraid of a red flag has a fence around him.

A much more important group of statutes takes its origin from the New York Anarchy act of 1902 (now Penal Law, Article XIV.) Criminal anarchy is there defined as "the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence, or by assassination * * *, or by any unlawful means." It is a felony to advocate this doctrine by speech or writing, and to join any society or any meeting for teaching or advocating it. The act can be rigorously enforced, because the owner or person in charge of any room or building who knowingly permits a meeting therein is severely punished, and the editor or proprietor of a periodical or publisher of a book which contains anarchistic matter is liable unless it was printed

without his knowledge and authority and disavowed immediately. The Washington statute of 1909 (now Code of 1915, §2562ff.) is very similar, but also makes it criminal to circulate any document having a tendency to encourage the commission of any breach of the peace or disrespect for law or any court. The ridiculous possibilities of such legislation are proved by the conviction of one Fox for encouraging disrespect for law by an article, *The Nude and the Prudes*, declaring bathing suits superfluous. Justice Holmes found nothing unconstitutional in the prosecution, but caustically remarked, "Of course, we have nothing to do with the wisdom of the defendant, the prosecution, or the act." It remains to be seen whether Congress will stultify itself by enacting the parallel clause of the Overman bill against advocating "disregard for laws." The first danger to be avoided in legislation against anarchy is the imposition of heavy penalties for slight offenses. Such penalties create that very hatred of our system of laws which it is our object to avoid.

Oregon and Oklahoma have just enacted even more extensive laws, applying the New York statutory scheme to criminal syndicalism, "the doctrine which advocates crime, physical violence, arson, destruction of property, sabotage, or other unlawful acts or methods as a means of accomplishing or effecting industrial or political ends, or * * * industrial or political revolution, or for profit." The advocacy of any unlawful act for such ends and the circulation of any book affirmatively suggesting criminal syndicalism or any unlawful act for such ends are among the offenses punishable by imprisonment from one to ten years. (Ore. Laws, 1919, c. 12; Okla. Laws, 1919, c. 70.)

These are but brief extracts from the legislation which has been enacted or invoked in almost every state during the last few months. In addition, Mayor Hylan of New York wanted an ordinance to punish owners of buildings permitting an assemblage advocating "policies tending to incite the minds of people to a proposition likely to breed a disregard for law," and a Boston ordinance to forbid the display of anything that was sacrilegious or tended to promote immorality was also unsuccessful, but the Mayor of Toledo is said to have prohibited any meeting anywhere in the city "where it is suspected a man of radical tendencies will speak."

These statutes and regulations are, for the most part, different from the normal criminal law in three ways: (1) they label opinions as objectionable and punish them for their own sake because of supposedly bad tendencies without any consideration of the probability of criminal acts; (2) they impose severe penalties for the advocacy of small

offenses as much as for serious crimes; (3) they establish a practical censorship of the press *ex post facto*.

The Overman bill, now pending in Congress (Senate Bill 1686), has all three characteristics. Every offense under section 1 is liable to ten years' imprisonment or \$10,000 fine or both. This includes any language intended to incite, provoke, or encourage resistance to the United States, or a defiance or disregard of the Constitution or laws of the United States; advocating any change or modification in the form of government except in the manner provided for by the terms of the Constitution, a clause which will necessitate extreme caution in all reformers advocating assassination of officials or the destruction of property as part of a programme to overthrow the form of government. Lastly comes an unusually vague red flag clause, against displaying publicly any flag or emblem, except our own, as symbolic of the government of the United States or of a form of government proposed by its adherents or supporters as superior or preferable to our government as prescribed by the Constitution. Any one who flies the flag of another nation and asserts it is better governed than ours seems to violate this provision.

The trivial nature of many of these offenses will be obscured in the eyes of most persons by the mention of the advocacy of revolution, assassination of Federal officials, and explosions for overthrowing the government, but the penalty provided is exactly as severe. Urging "disregard of the laws of the United States" applies to the recent decision of the American Federation of Labor to disobey Federal injunctions, and will reach utterances far less harmful than that. Who can say that every one of the multitudinous acts of Congress is so wise that any suggestion of disobedience should be made a felony? Evaders of the prohibition amendment, and all supporters of an unconstitutional bill (like the Overman bill itself perhaps) are urging "disregard of the Constitution." It is impossible to speak respectfully of that portion of the Constitution which provides for an electoral college, and much hatred has been justly directed to the clause for the return of fugitive slaves. Other clauses may prove equally objectionable in the future. If "Constitution" means the language of that document as explained by the United States Supreme Court, the Overman bill punishes excited discussion of decisions like the *Dred Scott* case or the interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment in the *Ten Hour Bakeshop* decision.

Of course, trivial offenses will not be prosecuted under the bill in ordinary times, but during excitement the partisans of law and order will hardly be able to resist the temptation to seize upon its provi-

sions as a speedy way to get rid of agitators whom they fear and dislike. Witness the sentences of ten, fifteen, twenty years imposed upon leading socialists under the Espionage act, so that further activity on their part is conveniently prevented during the time they are likely to live. And in a government of laws and not of men, no one human being ought to be entrusted with the power to give or withhold the heavy sentences of this section for the light offenses included within its sweeping provisions.

Section 2 establishes a censorship. It imposes the same penalties as section 1 upon any person who attempts to or does import or transport in foreign or interstate commerce, any written or printed matter intended to incite resistance to the United States, or a defiance or disregard of its Constitution or laws, or assassination. Under this section a bookseller or bookbuyer can be condemned for ordering a book without knowing that it contains criminal matter. All radical literature will be practically excluded from normal circulation, because it may possibly violate this act.

It may be asked, why should any one honestly want to possess a book which urges revolution or even the violation of law? Why should we allow such books to be imported or sold? Men assume that this Overman bill affects only writings which devote themselves entirely to the advocacy of violence. This is not so. There are many books and pamphlets which for the most part contain elaborate discussions of social and economic questions, which it is very desirable to read. Here and there the writer is so impressed with the hopelessness of legal change in the present system that he advocates resort to force if nothing else serves. That alone will render circulation of the book a heinous crime under this bill, which roots up the wheat with the tares. Such sentences as "I hold a little rebellion now and then to be a good thing," and "The right of a nation to kill a tyrant in cases of necessity can no more be doubted than that to hang a robber or kill a flea" will damn the writings of Jefferson and John Adams, while the Declaration of Independence will be barred out in this country as it was in the Philippines, since it is a most eloquent advocate of change in the form of government by force without stint or limit.

Furthermore, if men urge resistance to law, they almost always have a grievance, and whether it is well founded or not, the defenders of the existing order ought to know what it is, so that they may correct it or show by counter-argument that it does not exist. The worse the grievance, the more likely the victim is to get angry and urge violent measures, yet that is the grievance which most needs removal. If any one who plans to buy such a book from abroad or another state runs the risk of long im-

prisonment, sober men will leave it alone, and it will fall only into the hands of agitators who are willing to take chances. The bulk of the people will be entirely ignorant of what our enemies are planning. One of the most effective weapons against anarchy was the recent article in the New York Times translating anarchistic passages from the foreign language press. Such an article would be criminal under this bill. Even public officials can not lawfully import revolutionary literature, and an exception in their favor would be an insult to the people of the United States. This bill is a kindergarten measure which assumes that the American people are so stupid and so untrustworthy that it is unsafe to let them read anything about anarchy because they would immediately become converted. Above all, we shall not be able to meet this great danger of lawlessness if we refuse to look the enemy in the face. The habits of the ostrich are instinctive in many human beings, but they have not been conspicuous for success.

Section 3 continues the old Espionage act of 1917, which has been repeatedly construed to make almost any expression of pacifism or radicalism unsafe, because it will be decided by judge and jury to cause refusal of duty in the military or naval forces or obstruct recruiting. Under the Overman bill a new clause is added to punish one who causes insubordination etc. on the part of any person liable to actual military or naval service. This would seem to include any male of military age. The operation of the Espionage act was so fatal to open discussion that it ought to be repealed instead of being extended. Even the present conservative House of Commons has refused to continue similar English legislation.

This third section will surely be invoked by advocates of compulsory military service against their opponents. It makes any scathing criticism of military methods a very perilous matter in future years and it raises the army and navy into a privileged position beyond the range of ordinary outspoken discussion, such as is enjoyed by no civilians. It is what the French army wanted during the Dreyfus affair. Furthermore, if the language used does bring the army or navy into contempt, it is absolutely immaterial that the charge made is true. Even under the hated Sedition act of 1798, which has many parallels to the Overman bill, truth was a defense, but this bill makes the truth a serious crime if it hurts the sensibilities of the military authorities.

Section 4 punishes any thing said or done, except by way of bona fide advice to investors, to affect adversely loans to or by the United States. Advice to the tax payers who will pay the bonds is not permitted. To raise loans by the government above

public discussion is especially perilous. It would seem that our bonds in any case can stand on their merits without this timorous protection.

Section 5 punishes all persons who conspire to violate the act even if they do not succeed, and thus penalizes conduct very remote from overt criminal acts. Section 6 provides deportation as a punishment for any alien.

Much more could be said, but it is plain that this bill suppresses the discussion of public questions at point after point. Its danger lies not merely in what it says, but in the way it will be applied by the courts which made anti-governmental opinions criminal under the much narrower provisions of the Espionage act.

During the war the advocates of strong measures assured those who thought our traditional freedom of speech in peril, that suppression would disappear when the fighting stopped, and remarked with Lincoln that a man could not contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life. The war is over, the Espionage act has suspended its operation till the next conflict, but nearly every state in the Union has proceeded to make the expression of certain opinions criminal, and Congress is now considering a much more rigorous Espionage act for times of peace. The truth is that persecution of unpopular doctrines is not an emetic at all, but a drug. A nation can not indulge in an orgy of intolerance and console itself like Rip Van Winkle with the thought that "This time doesn't count!" Nobody enjoyed gasless Sundays or sugarless coffee so much that we are likely to continue them in peace, but the pleasure of being able to silence the pro-Germans and pacifists and socialists who had irritated us in 1915 and 1916 was so agreeable in 1917 and 1918 that it will be abandoned with extreme reluctance, and we long for more suppression to satisfy the appetite which has been created contrary to our former national tradition of open political discussion.

Consequently, we ought to cross-question acutely our present conviction that the repression of ideas is essential to the public safety, and ask ourselves how far that conviction results from the mood of the moment. Indeed, it may be conjectured that just as some soldiers were given ether to make them go "over the top" better, so a nation can not enter wholeheartedly into the horrors of a war without some benumbing of its reasoning powers, from which it may not yet have recovered. Is it not psychologically probable that our minds have been so shaken by excitement, fear and hatred, so stretched to one absorbing purpose, that they are slow to return to normal, and that we still crave something to fear and hate, some exceptional cause

for which we can continue to evoke enthusiasm? Was it altogether accidental that the trial of Socrates followed close upon the Peloponnesian War?

A very serious situation confronts us. For two years the government has pursued the policy advocated by Judge Van Valkenburgh when he tried Rose Pastor Stokes for her denunciation of profiteering: "The President could not stop in the face of the enemy and effect domestic reforms. We don't ordinarily clean house and hang out the bedding when there is a thunderstorm on. We wait until it is over, go dirty a little longer." A good deal of soiled linen has accumulated, and the consequences are far from agreeable. The discussion of the radicals is bound to be doubly violent because it was postponed and now it can be postponed no longer unless we mean to suppress it altogether. By doing that, we shall not end it but only drive it underground.

This bill is not the proper way to deal with anarchy. Outside of a few intellectuals anarchy is the creation of discontent, and this bill will increase discontent. Nothing adds more to men's hatred for government than its refusal to let them talk, especially if they are the type of person anarchists are, to whom talking a little wildly is the greatest joy of life. Besides, suppression of their mere words shows a fear of them which only encourages them to greater activity in secret. A widespread belief is aroused that the government would not be so anxious to silence its critics unless what they have been saying is true. A wise and salutary neglect of talk coupled with vigorous measures against plans for actual violence and a general endeavor to end discontent is the best legal policy toward anarchy.

Those who do not agree with me that the punishment of direct provocation and the regulation of explosives are sufficient, but believe that all advocates of violence should be suppressed because there are elements in our population, small in number but reckless and aggressive, who are ready to act on such advice, should at least substitute for the sweeping provisions of the Overman bill a limited measure like the recent Massachusetts statute, which specifically penalizes the advocacy of killing, the destruction of property, and revolution, instead of punishing opinions as such. The Massachusetts act was introduced as a very sweeping bill, but was reduced to its present form by repeated protests from liberals. Instead of legislating against anarchy as such, it prohibits incitement to definite serious crimes.

If we have taken reasonable precautions against violence, we should not be disappointed at not securing absolute unanimity among our population on political and economic matters. If Americanism means anything concrete, it certainly means toler-

ance for opinions widely different from our own, however objectionable they seem to us. Such is the tradition handed down to us by Roger Williams and Thomas Jefferson. We must legislate against the use of force, and protect ourselves against anarchy by the strength of argument and a confidence in American institutions, including that most characteristic of all, which stands at the head of the Bill of Rights, freedom of thought.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

Anti-Bolsheviks: Mr. Sack

I PROPOSE to show that the American government ought to step in and stop the Russian Embassy at Washington in its career of misinforming and deluding the American people. The Russian Embassy inspires an information bureau. This bureau is called the Russian Information Bureau. It is located in New York and it is managed by Mr. Sack. It is not content to get out the usual mimeographed information which propagandists, good and bad, now supply so plentifully to reporters and editors. It has to have a publication of its own—*Struggling Russia*. It advertises this publication widely in the newspapers. Its articles are copied into the newspapers. Faith is given to them because they are felt to be official. They are felt to come—and they do come—from a Russian group headed and guided by the man who is recognized at Washington as the ambassador of Russia to the United States.

Struggling Russia informs us now, with special enthusiasm, about Siberia. Mr. Sack tells us that we simply morally must support Kolchak. He gets out a full-page advertisement of *Struggling Russia* in the newspapers, and leads off with the line: "It is the Duty of the Allied Democracies to Recognize the Omsk Government." Other foreign propagandists, representing other foreign governments among us, may be more modest. They may present their case to us and let us decide our duty for ourselves. Mr. Sack tells our duty outright. He is very frank about our duty. He is not so frank about Kolchak.

The first important thing about Kolchak is how he came into office. In the first three issues of *Struggling Russia* we learn nothing about how he came into office. In the fourth issue my hopes are raised. I see an article by Zenzinov.

Zenzinov was one of those predecessors of Kolchak kidnapped by Kolchak's officers in order to promote Kolchak to the position of Supreme Ruler. Zenzinov—and Argunov—and Avksentiev—were the persons deposed by violence at Omsk in order to make way for Kolchak. They were all of them distinguished leaders of the Socialist-Revolu-

tionist party—the party which gained an overwhelming majority in the All-Russian Constituent Assembly dispersed by the Bolsheviks. Having been dispersed by the Bolsheviks, these gentlemen go and set up an anti-Bolshevik government at Omsk and get dispersed by Tsarists. They are then deported, as Dr. Rosett explained in the *New Republic* of July 9th; and they come to the United States and tell their story to the Russian colony here. I therefore begin Zenzinov's article with great anticipations.

I find it to be a good strong anti-Bolshevik article, naturally. But there is nothing in it about the coup d'état from which Zenzinov had just recently suffered. Strange! But there is a foot-note. In this foot-note the editor of *Struggling Russia* gives us a short account of Zenzinov's life. Zenzinov did such and such things, and such and such other things, to become distinguished. Then follow two sentences into which the whole of Zenzinov's Siberian governmental career is compacted. The first is: "In September, 1918, V. M. Zenzinov was elected member of the Directory." The second is: "In November, 1918, V. M. Zenzinov left Siberia." He did. But could not Mr. Sack, in the course of his great task of informing the American people about Russia, persuade Zenzinov to be a little more communicative?

I wondered; and I made a few inquiries; and I found that Zenzinov had been perfectly communicative in conversation while here; and I found that his colleague Argunov had written a long series of articles, while here, in the Russian New York anti-Bolshevik paper called *Narodnaya Gazeta*. This paper is well known to Mr. Sack.

Argunov, in *Narodnaya Gazeta*, in the issue of May 22, 1919, gives an explicit account of the coup d'état. He describes how he and Zenzinov and Avksentiev, with their aides, were arrested and how they were then conducted under a guard of Cossacks to the forest in which Novoselov, a minister of the Omsk government, had already been killed. Novoselov? Why is his name so absent, so altogether absent, from *Struggling Russia*?

The officers who arrested Argunov and Zenzinov and Avksentiev told them, says Argunov, that their lives would be spared because a request to that effect had been made by the Allied representatives at Omsk. What? Can it be that the Allied representatives at Omsk were familiar beforehand with this affair? Can it be that Lomonossov, of the Russian Railway Mission in the United States, was right when he said in *The Nation* that as far back as the early months of 1918 he was informed by General Dobrjansky that he had been sent to him to tell him that the Allies had determined to establish a new government in Siberia under Kolchak?

Argunov recounts the remark made to him and to his fellow-prisoners by the officers who had them in charge, and faithfully says that it was difficult to determine whether they were telling the truth or not, and then goes on to describe his further experiences.

The place of imprisonment was the building used as the barracks of the soldiers of the Cossack Attaman (or Chief) Krasilnikov. The prisoners were reported in the minutes of the Council of Ministers back in Omsk as "lost." Some days later they were "found." They were taken back to Omsk. Argunov says with some bitterness that as they left Krasilnikov's home of detention, a phonograph was playing "God Save the Tsar." Whereafter Argunov says that he and Zenzinov and Avksentiev, on the night of November 28th, were deported under a guard of 80 Krasilnikov soldiers and 12 British soldiers and were dismissed from Siberia at the Chinese frontier station of Chan-Chun.

So the story runs in the *Narodnaya Gazeta*, by a man who was one of the three principal figures in it. His veracity is not for one moment disputed. Why does Mr. Sack, our official Russian informer, fail to inform us about it? Why does it rest, in all its illuminating details, in the files of a Russian paper so close to Mr. Sack's office?

Perhaps because it illuminates not only the coup d'état but also something else. Argunov remarks that the present Omsk government calls itself democratic. We may interrupt him to say that it certainly does, and in a very strange manner, in America.

Mr. Sack, in *Struggling Russia*, and in his advertisements in the newspapers, is always proclaiming the democracy and the popularity of the Omsk government. In the sixth issue of *Struggling Russia* the "population" of Omsk, for instance, "enthusiastically supports the Omsk government." But it supports it, one must conclude, by clamors in the streets. Mr. Sack does not tell us of any organized political meeting by any democratic part of the "population."

Only occasionally in Mr. Sack's pages do we hear of any meetings—of any official meetings—by any real regular political groups; and when we do hear of them, what are they?

At Irkutsk, Mr. Sack tells us in the seventh issue of *Struggling Russia*, a "bloc" to support Kolchak has been formed by the Constitutional Democrats, the Autonomists, and the Social-Democratic group Yedinstvo. No names of leaders are mentioned. The leaders are anonymous. And, as for the groups!

The largest of them is the Constitutional Democrats—commonly called Cadets. The other two—the Autonomists and Yedinstvo—are so tiny that

in the sea of All-Russian politics they could hardly be said to constitute a visible bubble. Mr. Sack cannot claim the slightest All-Russian numerical importance for them. The Cadets, however, are indeed a real party. They are a real party—but how strong, in votes?

The great test was the election to the All-Russian Constituent Assembly. In that election the number of votes cast was 36,000,000. The number of delegates elected was 520. The number of Cadet delegates elected was fifteen.

The Cadets, on the Russian sea, were not much more than a bubble. But Mr. Sack has to blow it out to a quite glittering impressiveness in Siberia. The one really apparently All-Siberian political meeting that he can confide to us in the course of his propaganda is a meeting of Cadets.

In *Struggling Russia*, Number 13-14, of June 14 last, we are told that "The Congress of the Constitutional Democratic Party," in assembly at Omsk, has sworn allegiance to Kolchak. I have indicated the numerical importance of that allegiance. I will now indicate its moral importance.

One of Mr. Sack's favorite contributors in *Struggling Russia* is Mr. Kovalsky. Mr. Kovalsky came here from Siberia, bearing greetings from certain Siberian supporters of Kolchak. He is an ardent—even a furious—anti-Bolshevik. But Mr. Kovalsky, in *Narodnaya Gazeta*—not in *Struggling Russia*, but in *Narodnaya Gazeta*—has described the Cadets, the Siberian Cadets, the "Eastern" Cadets. In *Narodnaya Gazeta* of July 3rd, Mr. Kovalsky says:

The activity of the reactionary elements of Omsk is directed by the so-called Eastern Branch of the Party of Cadets, led by the lawyer Zhardetzky.... These convinced monarchists are dreaming of the re-establishment of a monarchy with a limited constitution and a limited people's representation..... The characteristic trait of the internal policy of the 'Eastern' Cadets is lack of confidence in the Zemstvos and city-organs of self-government and a struggle against democracy on all fronts. The characteristic trait of their foreign policy is a covert Germanophilism and an open gravitation toward Japan.

Such is the party—such, morally, is the party—that holds a "Congress in Siberia" and that gets reported to the American public by Mr. Sack as a valuable addition to the popular political strength of the government at Omsk.

But where is the All-Siberian Congress of the party of the Socialists-Revolutionists? Where is the All-Siberian Congress of the great historic peasant mass party? Mr. Sack does not report it. He is unable to show a free assembly of the Socialist-Revolutionist party of Siberia supporting Kolchak.

Nevertheless he constantly leads his American readers to believe that the Socialist-Revolutionist

party is quite genuinely present in Kolchak's government. In that government, in Struggling Russia of June 14th, there are "representatives of all shades of Russian progressive public opinion, liberal and socialist."

Precisely such statements were made while Argunov was here. They seem to have annoyed him. In *Narodnaya Gazeta*, in the issue of May 22nd, he expresses himself amply regarding the claims of the Socialists-Revolutionists in Kolchak's cabinet to be called "representatives" of Socialist-Revolutionist opinion.

The three principal Socialists-Revolutionists in Kolchak's cabinet were then Mikhailov, Starinkevitch and Vologodsky.

With regard to Mikhailov, Argunov says that he is a young man 27 years old who once flirted with the idea of being a Socialist-Revolutionist and even wrote for the Socialist-Revolutionist paper *Volia Naroda* but afterwards sobered up. With regard to Starinkevitch he says that he was indeed at one time a Socialist-Revolutionist but left the party in 1907—twelve years ago. With regard to Vologodsky he is even more emphatic.

Vologodsky is the chief proof of the democracy of Kolchak's government. Vologodsky is Prime Minister. Nobody can claim, or ever does claim, that Kolchak has any past record of democracy. But Vologodsky lifts the curse. Kolchak picks Vologodsky to be Prime Minister, and Vologodsky is a Socialist-Revolutionist.

What does Argunov say about Vologodsky? He admits that Vologodsky has played the role of a "sympathizer" with the party of the Socialists-Revolutionists, "when it was in the bloom of its strength and popularity." He admits that Vologodsky became a Minister of the original anti-Bolshevik Socialist-Revolutionist Siberian Regional Duma. This was a government existing in Siberia before Argunov's Directory arrived. Argunov admits that Vologodsky became a Minister in it. But, says Argunov, he became a Minister in it, in order to do what? "In order," says Argunov, "to later arrest it and disperse it." Such was Vologodsky as a "sympathizer"; and, on the point of his actual political affiliations, Argunov says flatly: "Mr. Vologodsky was never a member of the party of the Socialists-Revolutionists."

In other words, according to Argunov, the democracy of the Kolchak government is notably produced by listing people as representatives when they are not representatives and as Socialists-Revolutionists when they are not Socialists-Revolutionists.

Argunov was co-editor with Madame Breshkovsky of the paper *Volia Naroda* at Petrograd. He was put into the Fortress of Peter and Paul at Petrograd by the Bolsheviks. He is in favor of

efforts to deliver Russia from the Bolsheviks. But he has seen the present government at Omsk. He knows it. He knows the people in it. His articles are both about the Soviet government and about the Kolchak government. And what is the title of his articles? It is: *Between Two Bolshevisms*.

With such information at his elbow, Mr. Sack prints none of it. On the contrary he goes into American newspapers continually with such statements as: "All the forces of the Siberian democracy have united around the government at Omsk."

But he even goes farther. Not content with reporting "blocs" of insignificant parties as proofs of widespread political support, not content with reporting Kolchak's personal choices of personal ministers as "the forces of the Siberian democracy," he proceeds to actually improvise and create a whole new great political democratic movement, all Kolchak's own, in Siberia. I will report that creation in the next issue of the *New Republic*. It was a colossal creation and a colossal violation, by the Russian Information Bureau and by the Russian Embassy, of the diplomatic hospitality of the people of the United States. WILLIAM HARD.

Portrait of a Lady

ELSIE has just gotten back from an expedition to the "Sea Islands." She has had her eye on those islands for a long time;—did you ever hear of them? They lie off the coast of South Carolina, out of the way of all traffic, and they looked to her like a good hunting ground for African folk-lore. I suppose that that Englishman, Selous, used to go around studying maps, and questioning natives about the best jungles for lions, in very much the same way that Elsie constantly studies our continent, looking for some corner of it that might interest an intelligent person. What is civilization to us, is mere jungle to her: the houses and street cars are like underbrush that she must push through, to get to the places where her quarry is, and where she really wakes up. In between, she lives with the rest of us,—she has to,—and conforms to our ways, or to most of them anyhow, just as Stefansson does with the Eskimos: she wears the usual tribal adornments, and bead-work, and skins, and she sleeps and eats in the family's big stone igloo near Fifth Avenue. An unobservant citizen might almost suppose she was one of us. But every now and then her neglect of some small ceremonial sets the whole tribe to chattering about her, and eying her closely, and nodding their hairy coiffures or their tall shiny hats, whispering around their lodge-fires, evenings, that Elsie is queer.

When she went south this time she first placed

herself "in the hands of the whites," as she puts it:—i.e., she became the guest of a white family on one of the more civilized islands. This she says was a mistake. They were interested in her plans, and they didn't in the least mean to block them, but they felt it was necessary for them to go around with her everywhere. They wanted to be sure nothing happened,—and Elsie wanted to be sure something did. "They *guarded* me," she exclaimed, over and over, when she told me this part of it. I got an impression of her tramping off into the wilds, after breakfast, to look around for what she was after, in her business-like way; and of worried hostesses panting along, following her,—in spite of the cold looks they got.

There were also a number of small difficulties. Her smoking, for instance. Her hostesses didn't mind—much; but they had a brother, a clergyman, just back from France, where he had been in the Y. M. C. A. service; and it would upset *him*, they said. So instead of smoking downstairs, by the fire, she had to do it up in her room; and also burn Chinese incense after each smoke, by request.

This clergyman held family prayer-meetings, regularly, which everybody was supposed to attend; but Elsie did not object. She is always interested in ritual. And the singing was often of "negro spirituals," which, as you know, she is collecting. She has a recording phonograph, nowadays, that she takes around with her, to get them.

This wasn't what she had come down for, however. It wasn't enough. And not being able to explore without being "guarded" made the country no use to her. The game was too shy to be stalked with a whole crowd of whites. So in order to make progress, she decided on a preliminary retreat. She left the islands, went back to the mainland, and took a room in a boarding-house.

There was a lady in the neighborhood who once had collected a few negro tales. She told Elsie that the colored folk around there didn't tell them now. The lady wanted to be obliging, and called in her cook to make sure; but the cook corroborated her statement: didn't know any, no ma'am.

Elsie formed the opinion that the cook probably knew plenty of stories, but would not talk freely to whites. Few or none of them will. She happened to hear in some way, however, about an old negro who was said to be chock-full of folk-lore, and she got on his trail. She found him one day in the street, and she soon won him over. He told her all he knew; then he stopped a one-armed man going by,—a dirty man with a wheel-barrow full of old bottles—who, the old man said, knew other stories, and who promptly made good, telling several that Elsie took down, while she sat on the curb.

This negro's name was Mr. Jack—at least that is how Elsie speaks of him. He had lost his other arm after a man had shot him up, he said, sky-larking. But he could do remarkable things with his remaining one: open an umbrella, for instance. He said that on one of the islands there were people who knew lots of old tales. So Elsie left the mainland and engaged Mr. Jack to go with her, and off they went in a boat, like the owl and the pussy-cat, only with quite other intentions, and they ultimately landed on the beach of the island he'd chosen. There was no wharf, you understand; they simply had to land in the surf. There were two or three natives on the beach, just the way there were when Columbus appeared, but they didn't fall down and worship Elsie—as *I* should have done. They just stared, and shuffled away, and were lost in the bush. So Elsie and Mr. Jack pushed on inland, and found a negro with a horse, and Elsie gave him some sticks of tobacco and bright-colored cloth, or whatever currency it is she uses, and added him to her expedition. His name was James Bone, and he had a cart as well as a horse. They all got in this cart and went cruising away into the interior.

It was raining like hell, I forgot to say, but they didn't much mind, and besides it had a result in the end that was lucky for Elsie. There was a store on this island, and James Bone was heading for it. When they got there, the white man who kept it said his wife was away, and probably wouldn't be back that night because of the rain, and he flatly declined to take Elsie in unless his wife came.

After making a silent study of his moral ideas, which he expressed loudly, and writing them down in her notebooks (I hope) for the Folkways Society, Elsie quietly went out in the rain again to continue her travels. It was now dark, however, and Mr. Jack and James Bone were tired. The expedition conferred. James Bone said they could go to some friends of his, named (I think) Peevie, who had a large house with five rooms in it. So they steered for this landmark. But when they arrived, very late, all the five rooms were found to be full. In addition to the whole Peevie family, which was sufficiently numerous, there were several Peevie relations and guests who had come on for a funeral. But James Bone was insistent. He went indoors and stirred them up with a great deal of talk and excitement, until the unfortunate funeral guests rose and went away, in the rain, and also all of the relations except some nieces and old Aunt Justine. These and the regular family somehow packed themselves into three rooms, and gave up the two best to Elsie, who promptly retired. I don't know where old Mr. Jack slept. Maybe under the cart.

This cabin was about the most comfortable place Elsie stayed. She could smoke all she wished, she had a fireplace, and the cooking was good. Her two rooms were only six by ten apiece, but all the more cozy. Old Aunt Justine who at first had not liked it, thawed after a while, and sat around with Elsie and smoked with her and told her old tales. She was a picturesque old darky, Elsie says, and wore a large clean white turban.

Everybody came and told Elsie all the stories they knew. If anyone passed on the road, he was hailed to come in: "Hi, Numph, d'you want to make a quarter, telling this lady a story?"

"We wouldn't have told you any, though, if you had stayed at the store," James Bone said. "We don't have no traffic with the white folks, only buying or selling. They keep to themselves, and we keep to ourselves, 'cept for that."

Elsie put it all down. "No nexus exists but the economic one between the two groups," she wrote. Then, having exhausted this island, she packed up her notebooks, and she and Mr. Jack put to sea again to visit one other.

This other was an island where Mr. Jack said he had relatives, whom he would love dearly to see again if they were alive. He had lived on the mainland without visiting them for about twenty years, until Elsie came along and roused his energies; but he now felt warmed up. When they

landed, however, none of his relatives were at all glad to see him. He and Elsie wandered around for a while, getting a chilling reception, until late in the day they met some women who were opening oysters. One of these exclaimed at seeing Mr. Jack, and gave him a great welcome. An old sweetheart, Elsie conjectured. Mr. Jack introduced her. These women gave Elsie a handful of oysters to eat for her supper, and she got out some of her own thick bran cookies which are so good for the stomach, and they sat by the fire and talked together until it was midnight. Then the oyster boat left for the mainland, with Elsie aboard. And luckily there was a man on that boat who knew some valuable stories, so Elsie sat up all night taking them down, by a ship's lamp, as they sailed. The wind was light and it was five hours before they reached port.

She parted with Mr. Jack, on the oyster-dock landing, at dawn. "I stayed wid you to de en'," he said; and afterward mailed her her rubbers.

There is a good deal more that I could tell you if I had the time, about her visiting the Cherokee Indian settlement down there. But I'm not sure I've remembered correctly even the bits I have told you, and I don't remember the Cherokee chapter as well as the old Mr. Jack one. Still it does give you some kind of a picture of Elsie's real life.

C. D., Jr.

In the King's Robing Room

Sir Leo Chiozza Money—What particular service do you perform for the community as a coal-owner?

Witness—(The Duke of Northumberland)—As an owner of coal I do not perform any service for the community. I look after my property to my best advantage. I do not know whether you call that service.

Sir Leo—The personal service you perform is very slight.

Minutes of the British Coal Commission.

(London Times and London Daily Herald.)

ONE suspects that even the "bobbie" at the door has an inkling of the truth. He is the ideal London policeman, as authentically English as Westminster itself. In front of the door-way of the House of Lords he stands, as stiff as a caryatid, while inside Revolution holds its full-dress rehearsal. Outwardly he preserves his professional cheery aloofness. "The Coal Commission, Sir? It's in the King's Robing Room. Yes, Sir. Right ahead, Sir." But even for a London policeman, who has experienced all things, it is a bit confusing to stand guard over a revolution. It is like escorting a hurricane across the street.

As for the rest of London it is skeptical of revolution

which, like suicide, is a thing "one does not do." In this respectable English view revolution is a foreign malady, the indicia of which are riots, the release of prisoners, promiscuous shooting on the streets and Sabbath breaking. None of these signs do you note when you pass the policeman and enter the King's Robing Room, a spacious, lofty chamber, the walls brilliantly decorated with scenes from the lives of King Arthur and Sir Galahad. Six men sit on one side of a long table and six on the other and between them suave and witty Justice Sankey, presiding officer and moderator. The six men on the labor side do not carry bombs and will not mount barricades. There is Robert Smillie, the Miners' President, clear-eyed, cool, a hard hitter and fair fighter, a guiding mind. There is Herbert Smith, the Vice-President, slow to speak but effective in speech. Near him sits Frank Hodges, the Miners' Secretary, young, ardent, nimble-witted, with an education begun in the mines, continued at the University, and still continuing. Then there is Sidney Webb; R. H. Tawney, fellow of Balliol and promoter of the Workers' Educational Association; and Sir Leo Chiozza Money, Socialist, author, statistician, alert as a lynx. These men are among the ablest in Great Britain. The men on the other side are also very capable but intellectually less distinguished. The witnesses are clever, dull, facile, pedantic. Some of the testimony is technical, some abstruse, some

bookish. At times you imagine that you are watching a hesitating glacier, not a rapid revolution.

But that is how they manage in England. The English are an ironic people taking a solemn pleasure in grotesquely false appearances. Things there are never what they seem. The servant, who says "Thank you, Sir," is not a cringing but an assertive person who knows he is better than you, and the excessively dull Britisher, who seems impervious to a joke, may be merely undercutting your wit. No foreigner can gauge the democracy, aristocracy, gravity or levity of this gifted, topsy-turvy folk. It is only in England that revolutions take place in the King's Robing Room in the minutes of a Coal Commission.

It is no ordinary commission. Your usual Royal Commission is your only true grave-digger, talking to death the quick emotions generated during decades of oppression and decently interring them. Or an embalmer, who preserves from decay the dead body of grievances to the end that, later, spectacled undergraduates may deplore the evils of a former day. From Royal Commission to Parliamentary waste-paper basket has been the road of the well-laid plans of zealous men who imagined that they were making history. This Coal Commission, unlike the others, is itself a statutory body "with authority of Parliament behind it." It is a continuing commission with the widest terms of reference. It is bi-partisan, not impartial. It is a commission with the right to compel the production of persons and papers, and it uses that right freely.

I was present when Mr. Smillie demanded the appearance of various noblemen who receive their income from mine royalties. "I ask you," he said to the Chairman, "to subpoena the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Durham, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Tredegar . . ." As he pronounced each name and title the Chairman repeated them, and in this contrast of voices and intonations I seemed to discover one of the roots of the elusive class conflict in England. It was as though men of two nations spoke; the rough proletarian accent of Smillie contrasted harshly with the easy, cultured utterance of Justice Sankey, the neat clearness of his syllables, his quiet cadences. It almost seemed as though the Justice was mocking Mr. Smillie. But he was not mocking; it was merely the University conversing with the board school. Behind his charming smile the Justice, as he toyed with a pencil, was swiftly deciding to bring the Peers here before the miners with papers, documents and, if necessary, title deeds.

Now the mere summoning of these Peers was almost a revolutionary event, for it is unusual for coal-diggers to subpoena Lords. It is a sign of a social overturn. True, it is in the King's name that they are summoned but King George the Fifth, by the grace of God, had little enough to do with it. Some day, perhaps, the King will summon the King to the King's Robing Room to show cause why the King shall not be deposed, and, if summoned, the King will come. So the Peers came and testified and went, came and went in sober twentieth century morning clothes, and all that spectacular part of the business is over. But the question remains what does it all mean? What did these miners and these Peers of the Realm think of one another? And what is to come of it?

The summoning of the Peers was not a mere theatricalism but a formal challenge of the highest social class by the lowest. Mr. Smillie knew, and the Peers knew, that both are protagonists, the champions of multitudes far greater than the groups immediately represented. Back of the miners stand millions of wage-earners and their sympathizers who have never descended a shaft, and back of the

Peers millions of business and professional men, and good men and women of all trades and none, who do not aspire even to knighthood. The calling of the Peers was a warning to all that the workers were taking high ground. In earlier days, as in the heroic coal strike of 1844, the miners asked only for a pitiful measure of justice, for the right to have their coal honestly weighed, for the abolition of truck stores, for a few pence more and a few minutes less. To-day their demands reach down to the deepest roots of our industrial system. They demand the nationalization of the mines, the control of the industry by the miners, the abolition of profits. Through their insistent questions there runs this revolutionary doctrine; the dukes, earls, and marquises did not produce the coal; they perform no public service; they derive their wealth from the labor of exploited miners; they have no title to absolute ownership; the State has the right and the duty to take over these mines, with or without compensation.

When men feel deeply they tend to drop into religious phraseology.

Mr. Smillie—"There is a very old book which says: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' Would you deny that authority?"

The Witness, (Lord Durham)—"I prefer another authority which says: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.'"

Mr. Smillie—"That is exactly what I want to be done at the present time, because if 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,' it cannot be the property of individuals."

Does not this battle of the texts recall the theological arguments of the "mad priest of Kent," who five hundred years ago went from village to village haranguing the peasants on the greens? It is the same appeal to an original human equality, the same confident reliance upon God's own intention.

"Good people," said John Ball, "things will never go well in England, so long as goods be not kept in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom men call lords greater folk than we? If all come from the same father and mother, Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride?"

"They are clothed in velvet and are warm in their furs and ermine, while we are covered in rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread, and we oatcake and straw and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the wind and rain in the fields. And yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state."

Today, as five hundred years ago, but today in the King's Robing Room instead of on the village green, you hear again this eternal contrast between the lives of rich and poor, between ermine and rags, between leisure and fine houses and "pain and labor, the wind and rain in the fields." After asking whether the late Duke of Hamilton's annual income was not £240,000 Mr. Smillie justifies his question by pointing out that for forty years the miners and their families on the Duke's estate have been kept on the verge of starvation. He establishes the fact that the late Duke's family, consisting of one little girl, possesses five mansions and he continues his questioning of the Duke's agent, Mr. Timothy Warren, as follows:

Mr. Smillie—"Do you know Hamilton Place well?"

The Witness—"Yes."

Mr. Smillie—"It is a fairly large building with a good many apartments?"

The Witness—"Very large."

Mr. Smillie—"It stands in an enclosure surrounded by a pretty high wall. Just outside the wall on the west side of the palace there are some of the most miserable homes in Great Britain?"

The Witness—"I cannot use comparative terms, but there are very indifferent houses hundreds of years old."

Mr. Smillie—"Are you aware that in the town of Hamilton the families of the men who are producing the coal from the Duke's mines are living four, five and six in a room; have you any reason to doubt that statement?"

The Witness—"I do not doubt it."

At last comes the crucial ethical problem. Note the implications of question and answer.

Question—"Supposing he owned the coal, do you think it would be unjust that he (the Duke) should live in Hamilton Place and attend the Riviera and the racecourse, drawing a shilling a ton for every ton produced by the miners, while the miners who are risking their lives get less than a shilling a ton for hewing the coal? Would that be manifestly unfair?"

Answer—"No."

I could give many illustrations from these questions to prove how drastic are the changes the miners demand. Nothing less than complete nationalization will be acceptable and it is not absolutely certain that the miners desire even to grant compensation. "Is it on the same plane," asks Mr. Smillie of Lord Tredegar, "to confiscate a cottage built with the life savings of a man and confiscate land no landlord ever did anything to create? . . . Surely you as a legislator would be the last to say that the State has not the right to do what the majority think they have the right to do. Are you aware that landlords in the House of Lords, who do not represent the people, have confiscated by laws passed in that House millions of acres of land?"

Such questions reveal a revolutionary intent whether the titled mine-owners are to be reimbursed or not, for even if so compensated they cannot escape income tax and death duties. If the mines, railroads, ships and other great industrial properties are gradually taken over by the nation and are run by associations of workmen there will inevitably arise a conflict of interest between the active groups controlling industry and the passive groups in possession of government bonds, paid to the former owners of these properties. The issue of such a conflict is patent. Year by year, the wages of the men in these industries will be slowly increased even if the enterprises must be subventioned by taxes, in other words, even if the higher wages must be paid out of the incomes of the present owners. This gradual encroachment is but a sign of one of those vast and subtle subversions in society, in which new values are created and old values destroyed, in which some groups become richer and some poorer, in which the equilibrium or balance of society is altered, in which power passes, not suddenly or completely but gradually and partially, from one social class to another.

Transitions of this sort never occur without some friction and loss. When feudal society disappeared many men lost their hold on life, and the advent of machinery, upon which our entire industrial structure now rests, caused endless destitution and demoralization and the annihilation of millions of petty existences. To eliminate the profit-

maker is to run the risk of a vast increase in bureaucracy and red-tape, to uneducate men trained in our present ideals and methods, and perhaps to evoke or intensify a corporate egoism of wage-earners, unenlightened and self-destructive. On the other hand such a transition, or revolution, for that is what it is, will effect a greater equalization of income and wealth; will divert to productive purposes or to useful consumption, vast quantities of goods now wasted in competitive luxury; may create a new freedom for millions now industrially subject; may evoke new productive energies, now dormant; may, finally, create and firmly establish new ideals, which will make the world saner and better. Honest and intelligent men will differ as to whether this revolution is to be welcomed or deplored, but there is no wisdom in merely closing our eyes. We should recognize the new currents upon which men's minds are borne. The first social virtue is prevision.

That the conflict will come, is, in fact, already upon us, seems obvious. It may be a very peaceful, slow and dilatory conflict. It may give to the dispossessed millionaires and their children and perhaps grandchildren ample time and means to find their useful place in the new order. Among the quiet revolutionists in England are men whose outlook upon the economic inequalities of today is like that of the more moderate abolitionists, who wished to end "the peculiar institution" only gradually and to recompense all slave-owners. Whether this transition in England is to be successful or for a time aborted, whether it is to be salutary or destructive depends upon the mutual attitude of these miners and Peers, and of the classes standing behind them. That, as I take it, is the chief lesson to be studied in the King's Robing Room.

What the miners think is easier to discern than what the Peers think. A class, comprising millions, must think aloud; like Hamlet's players it "cannot keep counsel." How this class regards the Peers and their royalties, the possessing classes and their possessions, may be read in thousands of books and pamphlets issued by trade unionists, socialists and syndicalists. Their thought is of more than one strand and is not always easy to disentangle. At bottom, however, there is discontent with the distribution of national wealth and income, opposition to the industrial system which permits this distribution, eagerness to use political power for the destruction of capitalism, willingness if necessary to achieve this result by a general strike temporarily paralyzing society. But the intense feeling behind these convictions is more obscure and to predict what the miners will do one must know what their life has been, underground and above ground, during a century and what it is today. A few generations ago miners' children of seven and eight years were daily dragged to their work in the mines owned by the ancestors of the titled owners of today. Naked men and women, blackened with coal dust, worked underground in a hideous promiscuity. They died of pneumonia, tuberculosis and interesting occupational diseases like "blackspittle." Today conditions, though immensely improved, are still bad. In some districts five-ninths of all miners' houses contain only two rooms and one-ninth contain only one room. The men who have worked or fought to free the world still struggle for their own economic freedom, while a one-eyed Parliament grants tens of millions to the men who own the mines. These miners at their dangerous work and in their "very indifferent houses" are disillusioned and angry. Perhaps they are not quite just to the Peers; in conflict men are seldom just. Nor need we be surprised if the acrid hate evoked by the war is now turned inward so

that social classes forget the amenities and are more than usually bitter and unjust towards one another.

What the Peers think it is harder to discover, for the Peers comprise men of diverse origins and varying abilities, some of the ablest men in England and not a few mediocrities. They represent two principles, the principle of aristocracy and the principle of money. A titled millionaire is a millionaire and he considers his million as well as his title. Being aristocrats, with the prestige and discipline of their caste behind them, these men stand up straight and take punishment smilingly. They speak out the truth and do not evade. The Duke of Northumberland is asked whether he has come before the Commission to defend his own interests and he promptly answers "Certainly." Perhaps this courage is in part due to an obdurate persuasion that the British aristocracy having survived so many attacks—partly by concessions—cannot now be destroyed. The British aristocracy is excellent at survival; it surrenders but it never dies.

Neither does it ever really learn. Some of its members understand England and the world excellently but the class as a whole approaches each new crisis with no adequate conception of the trend of modern development and it survives, as Falstaff fought, "on instinct." If the miners do not understand the Peers, the Peers do not even try to understand the miners. They come to the Coal Commission with little comprehension of the motives and emotions of five million trade unionists. Their argument is largely legalistic, based on ten years' possession, on ancient titles, which were musty long before Cromwell and Elizabeth, on the legal assumption that centuries of effortless profit-taking justify more centuries of effortless profit-taking. These Peers have read their Morning Post and therefore know that something is wrong, that the miners are thinking too much and working too little, that the hungry are becoming greedy and the poor, insatiable. But how can they understand *what* the grimy miners are thinking? Though they are far from unintelligent, their long-time security, their serene elevation above the sweaty struggle for life and their condescending marriage of convenience with the wealth of Great Britain have blunted certain faculties. Their diked minds are protected against the turbid streams of thought that course through the back streets of England. They are, without suspecting it, out of date. Some would like "to button their pockets and stand still;" others would prefer to make "reasonable concessions;" almost all would desire a general improvement in the physical conditions of the wage-earners if it did not mean too heavy an increase in the income tax. We are dealing here with good men, patriotic, honorable, decent, whose sins are sins of omission due to ignorance rather than greed and to tradition rather than invention. They have merely let things go.

Moreover their vision is as much distorted by what they know as by what they do not know. A little history is a dangerous thing and all hereditary classes know their history. They know what befell former agitators like Wat Tyler and his band of "shoeless ruffians;" the rebel Fitz Osbert, stripped naked and dragged at the tail of a horse over the rough stones of London and dead before he reached Tyburn; the innumerable Jack Cades and Robert Kets, hanged in chains, drawn and quartered. What they do not so clearly perceive is that the relation of classes has changed, that the whole vast solid plane of industrial society is being slowly tilted, that some classes are being depressed and some elevated, and that behind these tiresomely statistical representatives of the miners is

a compact strength and formidableness, a conscious will, like that which enabled their own ancestors centuries ago to extort these very mines in return for real and imaginary services and disservices to the King and Realm. The true successors of the acquisitive Peers of centuries ago are not their lineal descendants, who have become inert owners, but that active and indispensable social group which today has the like will to acquire and an infinitely deeper sense of moral justification in acquiring—the organized and self-organizing wage-earning class.

Nor do the Peers seem fully to realize the strength of the group opposed to them. That strength is only in part political; it is in still greater measure economic. It consists chiefly of the power to stop or limit work, the strike and the strike on the job. The strike, that crippling weapon of the wage-earners, having outgrown the single shop, has now outgrown the single industry and become the cessation of all essential work throughout the community. It is a wholesale passive resistance of a class, which despite many defeats, cannot ultimately be divided against itself, cannot be coerced, cannot be destroyed and cannot be dispensed with. The general strike, such as we have never yet seen it, is neither more nor less than an economic blockade of the whole nation. Back of this giant strike, moreover, lies an even more subtle, deadly and uncontrollable weapon—the refusal of men greatly to exert themselves. This growing reluctance of wage-earners to give more than they get is the Achilles-foot of our modern industrial system. It is a weapon which in the end injures those who use it as well as those against whom it is used, and it is the more dangerous because it destroys habits of industry and injures the morale which a century of capitalism has strengthened among workers. But how can you overcome the wage-earner's refusal to work hard and his acquired habit of taking things easy if he believes that the chief thing he is working for is the profit of mine-owners, already over-rich? You can conscript labor if you care to take the risk but you cannot conscript enthusiasm, and without enthusiasm labor today is a dead limb. The miners' leaders have predicted, and in a sense promised, that the men will work with all their might if the management is theirs and the profits are public profits, but not otherwise. It is of course a threat even more than a prophecy for without enthusiastic labor private ownership of the mines will be unprofitable. It is compulsion. But the miners believe, rightly or wrongly, that they have never gained anything except by compulsion.

This compulsion, which lies in the nature of the situation rather than in the will of particular men, reveals the secret of the semi-decorous meetings between miners and Peers in the King's Robing Room. No sudden affection brought together these two groups but a mutual recognition of strength and opposition and the desire for a preliminary testing. Because compulsion lies so near the surface, the labor situation in England today, as it is revealed in the Coal Commission, in government offices and in the swarming, dirty alleys of industrial and mining cities is big with grave possibilities. Acerbity grows between miners and Lords as also between their adherents outside. Never before have the wage-earners been so conscious of strength. The Triple Alliance of miners, railroad men, and transport workers (fifteen hundred thousand solidly organized men) believe that they are able to stop the industry of the nation, to shut it up as one snaps a rat-trap. On the other hand the War Office is preparing to enlist soldiers as strike breakers, to turn the army against the strikers. There is danger that in this mood the struggle

may be fought out on the lowest plane with bloodshed and starvation as the weapons.

Such is the drift of today, a movement steadily gaining impetus towards a catastrophic collision. Fortunately, however, we are dealing with England, a moderate, sensible, practical nation, a nation that sees more than it says, a nation with poise and with traditions of self-government and fair play, a nation which respects individual liberty and protects it as we in America do not yet do. England has been faced before with dangers and has avoided them by her moderation. "It is too late for a peaceful solution," wrote Frederick Engels in 1845 of the England of his day. "The classes are divided more and more sharply, the spirit of resistance penetrates the workers, the bitterness intensifies, the guerrilla skirmishes become concentrated in more important battles, and soon a slight impulse will suffice to set the avalanche in motion. Then, indeed, will the war-cry resound throughout the land: 'War to the palaces, peace to the cottages!'—but then it will be too late for the rich to beware."

That was seventy-four years ago and England weathered the storm. She changed her policy, protected the workers, gave them better wages, shorter hours, more education and more political influence and thus regained their allegiance. Today she is met by a revolt in some respects similar in quality but entirely different in magnitude from that which she faced three-quarters of a century ago. There are many favorable factors: her great wealth, which is a hostage to peace, the intelligence of her workers, the calmness of her leaders, her spirit of tolerance which is the greatest asset of all. Nowhere in the world have plans for the gradual admission of wage-earners to the actual control of industry been so carefully formulated as in England. But passions run high and in both camps are fiery-tempered extremists, who hate all concessions and halting steps and prefer to an orderly, elderly progress a swifter even though it be a sanguinary solution. That is England's choice of alternatives and that, eventually, will be America's. Which shall it be?

WALTER WEYL.

A COMMUNICATION New Wars for Old

THE war is over! That sentence is iterated and reiterated in a hundred tongues, in every land, by the humble millions of the earth who bask in the revivifying glow of those four simple yet incredible words as one basks in morning sunshine after hours of horrid nightmare. The war is over! In the great Hall of Mirrors at Versailles certain solemn functionaries have set their hands and seals to a certain lengthy document, while the approving images of their own selves in the surrounding mirrors flattered and sanctified the ceremony. The war is over! The Fateful Four descend at last from their cloud-hung Olympus and turn resolute if slightly uneasy faces toward home. The new heaven and the new earth of their clandestine creation are finished, and all the host of them; and on the seventh month they ended the work which they had made, and they rested on the seventh month; and they saw everything they had made, and behold, it was very good.

The war is over,—and a score of new wars hold the stage. All up and down the map of Europe the fires of racial, religious, and regional antagonisms flame high or smoulder ominously; while on every hand the great Powers

are plotting the advancement of their own power with a moral callousness, an open indifference to ultimate consequences, which add new lustre to the annals of realpolitik. The war is over,—and the people of Germany, helpless, broken, famished, sit down amidst the ruins of their house to contemplate a long future of economic slavery and moral degradation; to brood upon the loss of territory, inhabitants, resources, markets, prestige, respect; and to search ceaselessly for some means whereby the pistol may be turned from their own head to that of their enemies. The war is over,—and the communist republics of Russia and Hungary are being strangled in their birth-throes by the democratic governments of France and England and America: their peoples starved, their monarchist enemies armed and incited against them, their ideals traduced and their reputation poisoned through the world without such opportunity for defense or rebuttal as would be open in common law to even the vilest criminal. The war is over,—and China, stirred as it was seldom stirred before by the outrage committed against it at the Peace Conference, is forsaking its ancient pacifism for the new religion of machine gun and poison gas, so convincingly exalted by its apostles at Paris; and the Orient trembles with an incipient earthquake that threatens to shake the world. The war is over,—and India, Ireland, Egypt, interpreting with embarrassing literalism the Wilsonian-Pickwickian doctrine of self-determination, seethe with revolt against their alien over-lords. Famine, bankruptcy, trade paralysis, physical and moral exhaustion, hold Europe along with much of Asia in their lethal clutch. A vast industrial conflict, of which the strikes at Winnipeg and Seattle and Buenos Aires are but advance-guard skirmishes, is slowly gathering force throughout the world. In comparison with the past four years, with their organized concentration upon a single all-absorbing purpose, we feel as if suddenly launched into chaos. It is a day when "all Time's sea is foam," and life seems but a flimsy craft between the breakers and the tempest.

This is a pessimistic picture, the reader will say. It is a dark picture, truly; but nevertheless it is a picture of things as they are, and so it has no more to do with pessimism than with optimism. In their interpretation of the picture, in their point of view toward the facts, these opposing schools may have it how they will; both are equally futile and negligible. It is the meliorist alone who counts, and he is far indeed from hopeless in the present débâcle. What he feels and hopes is difficult to put into words; perhaps, after all, he is sustained more by faith than by reason,—faith in the ultimate decencies, in the moral law, in "man's unconquerable mind." But reason also, when her voice can be distinguished from that of faith, speaks reassuringly. Say what we will, the war has effected a great moral awakening, of which we are as yet scarcely conscious. The decision of the British Labor party to throw its immense power in direct opposition to the strangling of Russia and the continuance of conscription is infinitely heartening. Although the mediaevalists everywhere desperately ply their brooms, a tide that nothing can stay is running through the world.

Free thoughts, like lightnings are alive;
And in each bosom of the multitude
Justice and truth, with custom's hydra brood
Wage silent war.

The decisions arrived at in the secret council-chamber at Versailles, with its poisonous atmosphere of expediency, accommodation, self-interest, vindictiveness, have already been appealed to a higher court—that of public opinion; and here, in every point where the interests of humanity are obstructed by the schemes and passions of politicians, they

must inevitably be revised or reversed. For the rest, the very magnitude and urgency of the problems that confront the world will make for their solution. It will be a longer and more difficult struggle than the war that has just ended; but there is infinitely more at stake. It is the supreme test—and the supreme opportunity.

Wyoming, New York.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Potash and Politics

SIR: The editorial Potash and Politics in the June 25th number of the New Republic has come to my attention. I trust you will permit me to point out certain particulars in which the writer of the editorial is misinformed, and I should of course be glad if you can find space to give any or all of the following facts to your readers.

In the first place politics fortunately does not enter into this question. The bill now before Congress is an Administration measure, fathered by Secretary Lane of the Department of the Interior. It was introduced in the last Congress without consultation with the potash producers and has been introduced with slight modifications in the present Congress. It is not a tariff measure and therefore does not propose to "increase the duties on potash." Potash at present comes in free of duty.

The proposed legislation would license potash importers and for five years would restrict potash importations to such portion of the country's consumption as American producers could not supply. The bill fixes the maximum price of American potash at \$2.50 a unit for the first two years; \$2.00 for the third year, and \$1.50 for the last two years. At the end of the five years the licensing of importers and the restriction of imports automatically ends and our producers must stand on their own feet, or quit.

The fact that the American producers are prepared to resume operations at once if this bill becomes law is sufficient answer to your statement that it costs \$5.00 to produce a unit of potash in America. Most of our producers could live and proceed to reorganize on a peace basis, develop their by-products, reduce their operating expenses, and establish an American industry, with the prices named in the Lane licensing bill. This is a very different proposition from a tariff granting "duties of at least 233 per cent ad valorem." The American producers claim, and have operating cost figures to back the claim, that if they are safeguarded for five years from unrestricted European dumping of potash, they will supply the entire American demand and at a price which will compete with potash from any source whatever.

Since less than ten per cent of American potash consumption goes into chemicals I shall not tarry over the paragraph in your editorial dealing with that phase of the situation, save to express a sense of wonder at the argument that the American potash industry should be destroyed in order to permit a wider international activity on the part of American chemical concerns. Why the discrimination?

More important is your discussion of the use of potash for fertilizer since ninety per cent of the consumption of potash is for this purpose. Here the stubborn fact is that the wheat and corn growers of the great grain belt, from Kansas and Montana east to Illinois, do not use a pound of potash. The winter wheat growers from Indiana to New York scorn potash, and have been taught by their State Experiment Stations that to spend money for potash is ridicu-

lous waste. They will come to use it ultimately, but not till long after American producers are selling potash as cheaply as it can be secured anywhere on earth. Safeguarding this American industry from cut-throat European competition for five years can have no possible effect upon our wheat production, nor handicap our wheat farmers "as compared with those of Canada."

On the coastal plain areas of our Atlantic slope, potash is necessary for a full cotton crop. You say "American potash is too dear for agricultural use." The Department of Agriculture's records will show that in 1918, with potash selling at about \$5.00 a unit wholesale, the fertilizer companies mixed and sold to farmers about 50,000 tons of actual potash (K_2O), the retail price to the farmer being something over \$6.00 a unit. Generalization as to the price a farmer can afford to pay is quite impossible. The return per acre is the factor which must in all cases decide, and without doubt many farmers, with cotton selling at 38 cents a pound, found it highly profitable to buy potash at even \$6.00 a unit.

Your final argument is that we must admit European potash without restriction so that our export trade to Europe may develop. In this connection it is of interest to reflect that our pre-war importations of potash amounted to only about \$16,000,000 annually. This will be of very little help in paying for the billions worth of materials Germany needs. But even if it were a hundred times that amount why should a growing American industry be strangled for the sake of an altruistic internationalism whose object is to help the Hun escape from the pit he himself dugged? The United States is not to receive any of the German reparation money. We have sacrificed our men and our millions in the cause of civilization but we are asking for nothing in the way of reparation. Why should we be asked to kill an industry of our own that the German may more quickly get back to a prosperous industrial condition?

So far as helping our own export trade is concerned, why is it that we have steel rails and tin-plate to send to Europe? Time was, and not so very long ago, when we bought most of our manufactured goods abroad. If I mistake not the reason we can now go into European markets and compete is because our manufacturers were granted protection for such time as was necessary for them to get on their feet. Is five years so long a period that we cannot afford to safeguard our potash industry that length of time to enable it to get on a basis where it can meet any price Europe is able to set?

The plain facts are these: We have right now a producing capacity of at least 100,000 tons actual potash per annum, (see U. S. Geological Survey). This is forty per cent of our normal pre-war consumption. Our potash producers do not want to quit and do not think they need to if they can be safeguarded from European dumping for a period of five years. We have reserves of potash in this country to last at least 800 years, (see U. S. Geological Survey). The proposed licensing bill will admit foreign potash in such amounts as the country demands and our own producers cannot supply, and at as low a price as Europeans can be induced to sell for. Our own product must sell for not more than \$2.50 a unit.

The estimates of the officials of the Department of the Interior are that it will require two units of imported potash with one of our domestic material to meet the country's demand the first year. Alsatian material is now being offered on our Eastern markets at \$1.50 a unit. Two units of this with one unit of American potash at \$2.50 gives a weighted average of \$1.83 per unit, the price at which pot-

ash would sell if the Lane licensing bill becomes law. In other words, for 33 cents a unit this American industry can be safeguarded during its transition period. If we take the 2-8-2 fertilizer formula, which is the one most extensively used for cotton, as a basis this means a cost of 66 cents per ton for fertilizer.

The question then is, shall we advance from the position already gained to a place of complete independence of foreign sources of potash or shall we consent to slip back into our former abject reliance on Europe? It is not a question of politics, but one of downright Americanism.

FREDERICK W. BROWN.
Executive Secretary.

[NOTE.—The figure \$5.00 per unit was derived from press reports of the testimony of witnesses before the Ways and Means Committee, June 10th. We are pleased to know that the industry really requires only half that price for solvency. We are much impressed by the statement that the industry is ready to forego protection at the end of five years. If we could be confident that on these conditions the potash industry will actually become self-supporting at a cost no more burdensome than Mr. Brown calculates, we should regard its demands as the most modest that have ever been urged by any American industry seeking protection.—THE EDITORS.]

Physician, Heal Thyself

SIR: In Mr. Wilson's speech to Congress of July 10th he has again shown himself a master in the statement of general principles and new political ideals. They are the same principles and ideals that won him the confidence, the respect, almost the reverence, of many like myself in the past.

But in the light of what has not merely been said but has *happened* in Paris, these statements have a different sound, practically a different meaning, from what they had before. It is not easy to define the difference; let me first give a few illustrations.

Our indignation is very properly re-excited against a system of government which flouts "the rights of the citizens as against the autocratic authority of his governors." What is in mind, however, is Germany, not the same misgovernment as it has developed itself for war purposes and perhaps under war necessity in the Allied countries and even among ourselves. What have "the rights of the citizen" been worth in America during the last two years? Mr. Wilson says that in the peace we have sought "the restoration of right and the assurance of liberty everywhere"; apparently the old maxim, "Physician, heal thyself," does not occur to him.

Our feelings are also properly again stirred against "the ambitions of strong governments" and in favor of "the hopes and aspirations of small nations." If these are to be political combinations, they should be, it is implied, "arrangements of natural union and association," not "of power." Peoples shall have "free choice" and not be kept in obedience "by nothing but fear." Even partnerships of "interest" are not the ideal, but rather those of "kinship or sympathy." It is the old noble Wilsonian (and more than Wilsonian) note and profound insight. What Mr. Wilson, however, is practically arguing for is an independent Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and a new Slavic state clustering about Serbia; he apparently has no notion of the applicability of these conceptions in cases

like those of Ireland, India, Egypt—indeed, as we otherwise know, he has consented to the riveting of British rule on Egypt more strongly than ever. He calls the treaty "nothing less than a world settlement" (more guardedly once, "an all but universal adjustment"); he means actually setting right the "order of Central Europe." Political idealism turns out thus to be good against the Central Powers, not further.

In a similar way the ideal of a League of Nations is still set on high and "the old order of international politics" reprobated. He discredits the theory of a "balance of power," of "a mere victory of arms and a new balance" as truly as ever. But the actual League of Nations he now recommends is not the League he won us over for, and, so far from being contrasted with a balance of power, is practically little better than a new balance of power—only that it brings the world outside the Entente Powers and ourselves so completely under its thumb that "balance" becomes an inappropriate word and we have to speak of "rule" or "domination" instead.

Mr. Wilson even speaks of the treaty of peace as having been "negotiated;" in fact a more thoroughly dictated peace has probably never been made—and this is the glory of it in the eyes of most.

He makes an affecting appeal to America not to refuse "moral leadership" in the new situation and he forgets that a role of such distinction has been already largely renounced by us, through his failure to lead in the Paris conference.

The chief hopeful word, so far as Mr. Wilson's personality is concerned, is his reference to compromises—but they are "minor," "nowhere cut to the heart of every principle;" had he frankly said, "I have been beaten in Paris," we should respect him more. I can only generalize in this way: Practically all of Mr. Wilson's ideas, ideal demands, are good, sound, elevated—rarely, if ever, does he strike a false note in this realm. But he sees things as they should be more clearly than things as they are. More than this, he confuses things as they should be with things as they are. He describes the actual in ideal terms. He is content with what he would never be contented with, had he powers of clear, honest discernment. Unwittingly he becomes the worst kind of an apologist—for he uses the language of great sentiments to describe transactions that have the commonest motives behind them. He so far "debases the moral currency," to use a striking phrase of George Eliot's. All this language about democracy, self-determination, rights of small nations, sanctity of agreements, noble in itself, and, I question not, originally well-meant, turns out in its practical application and use to be little more than a means or tool for winning the war, downing and crushing the Germans, and seating ourselves and the Allies in the saddle for the rule of the world. Democracy and self-determination in reality, rights of small nations and sanctity of agreements as such, are as far off as ever. The sanctity of agreements, for example, is hardly heightened by proposing one set of principles to the Germans as a basis of peace and in effect acting on another set in concluding it. It is just the highest sentiments of Mr. Wilson—the real Wilson before he went to Paris—that are violated in this peace which he consents to cover with his name.

This word is written in pain and sorrow, not in the spirit of the little Americans, super-patriots or reactionists in the Senate.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Silver Lake, New Hampshire.

A Voice from England

SIR: Many in London and in Britain have been staggered and distressed beyond words by the failure of President Wilson and the peace of which he appears to approve.

We have been tempted to feel very bitterly, even to distrust and dislike the mention of America in European politics. We find it intensely difficult to be patient or hopeful for the future, unless indeed a world revolution gives an entirely new order of national and international government.

Such men are immensely grateful to the New Republic for its sane and brave stand; and we long each week for the appearance of your great journal.

JOSEPH KING.

London, England.

Education in Americanism

SIR: It was a hot day, and the two young ladies in the seat behind were talking of many things.

"I haven't looked at Cicero since High School."

"And French! I took down one of my French books the other day and I couldn't read a word."

"I never took any German, did you? Aren't they awful?"

"What do you think of the Sinn Fein?"

"They're traitors, that's what they are. They'd never of thought of all that stuff about the Irish being oppressed if the Germans hadn't put them up to it. All the Irish that were any good went off and enlisted anyhow."

"I haven't got any patience with Sinn Feiners and Bolsheviks. I think Home Rule would be a good thing, though."

"If the British had treated them tactful, like we would of . . ."

There came into my mind some sayings in an address by the Honorable Martin Wade, a federal judge in Iowa who won a sort of glory through presiding in Espionage act cases. He was outlining a course of "Education in Americanism."

"The course I have in mind would aim to train the intellect, but it would be principally psychological, philosophical—and, if I am permitted to use the term with reference to a course of training in our schools—patriotic."

"I would have no discussion of the comparative in governments, except insofar as the comparison might be made to the absolute advantage of our own form of government. I would not have discussed the extent of the liberty of any other people on earth, except as such study would prove that ours is the land of the free . . ."

"I would not permit an expression which indicated doubt or despair . . ."

"I tell you that this nation, if it endures, must have more than brilliant intellects—it must have faith . . ."

"And faith in the nation is especially necessary in order to develop—nay, to *mold*—the spirit of submission, the virtue of humility, which will enable one to bow his head to lawful authority, even though the eye of the mind cannot see the justice of the rule of direction or restraint invoked with reference to his conduct . . ."

"I would have the whole course of instruction shot through with the glory of a sublime optimism which would never yield to melancholy or despair."

I wonder if his Honor's aspiration has not somehow been somewhat attained?

New York City.

WALTER NELLES.

Ireland Again

SIR: Everyone must feel sorry for Paul Richmond Withington, whose letter, "Against Sinn Fein," appeared in your issue of July 2nd; for him and for his wife, who, together, bear testimony that there is neither law nor order in Ireland.

But these harrowing recitals have naught to do with America's duty in the premises. That duty, broadly gauged by our history, is to treat the matter as no affair of ours. Our traditional sympathies, though, have been with the oppressed, and, for historical reasons, we have always had an especial sympathy for Ireland. If, now, we are to abandon our ancient position for the purpose of establishing Justice among all nations as a basis for permanent peace, then, indeed, we must provide a road to freedom not only for Ireland but for every other subject nation as well.

Nobody has yet invoked the principle of "self-determination" for groups or communities. Herein lies the difference between Ireland's case and that of the Confederate States. The latter were partners among all the states in the organizing of the Union. Not in any sense was Dixie a nation. Its appeal to arms was based on an interpretation of the Constitution. It was not a rebellion against a foreign conqueror.

Mr. Withington's assumption that Ireland should be content with her thralldom if allowed to eat of her own food is certainly not typical of American thought here in the middle West.

THOMAS LYNCH.

Omaha, Nebraska.

In Defence of Violence

SIR: In the article on Anti-Bolsheviks: Mr. Lansing, your Mr. Hard tries to make out by figures that the Russian Red Terror has not been as wicked as the "White Terror" in Finland. In this same article he also compares bare figures between the two terrors within Finland itself.

However there are two essential considerations omitted from his discussion. One is the respective objects of the different series of killings. The other is the sort of men put to death.

The reds, as we all know, have been killing the loyal citizens of influence in their countries in order to crush the majority opposition. The whites have been driven by necessity to resort to the death penalty in their desperate endeavors to preserve law and order in the land.

As to the respective numbers of men who have been victims of the two factions let it be well remembered that the Bolsheviks have murdered the cream of the land—the better balanced statesmen, the business men upon whom prosperity depends, and others of that calibre. The whites on the other hand have executed agitators against life and property; and these executions have had to be of a disciplinary nature. In order properly to impress the stupid and ignorant classes whom they have been dealing with they have had to be severe with a very large proportion of the criminals they have convicted.

I trust that you will not keep these considerations, certainly relevant to the situation, from the readers of Mr. Hard's article.

JOHN KEPKE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

After the Play

IT is seldom indeed that the statistics of Broadway are vital statistics of the art of the theatre. Capacity houses night after night—\$18,000 a week—300 performances in New York—two years on the road—all these intimate facts and familiar phrases of the American theatre ordinarily mean nothing more than that this sort of wholesale producing machine cannot afford to make anything fine, subtle or specialized, because it cannot nourish anything not immediately and overwhelmingly popular. It happens, however, that the end of the past season brought us statistics of success that hold real meaning and a certain measure of hope. Professionally-minded Broadway, the Broadway that reads that oddest of art journals, *Variety*, watched with mixed emotions the most forward-looking production yet made in an American theatre win the most spectacular box office success in Broadway's all too spectacular history. The meaning to be gathered from the prosperity of Arthur Hopkins's mounting of Sem Benelli's drama, *The Jest*, from this extraordinary exception to the rule of popular mediocrity, is its clarification of the nature and the powers, the sources and the possibilities of that new art of production which has been practiced mainly in the chronically moribund "little theatres."

There has been so much confusing discussion about the new stagecraft and the small experimental houses where it has had fullest play, that until recently neither the nature nor the genuine success in America of the revolution begun under the broad banners of Gordon Craig, has been at all clear. Beauty was wedded to fashionable bizzarrie, real ability to imitation, while sentimental hozannahs *falsestto* hailed the mating. The good of much of the new scenery and the singular vitality and promise of the principles behind it, were damned by the inept apings and the posterous freakishness of such settings as the Washington Square Players and too many other little theatres frequently gave us. Considering some of the friends and practitioners of the new pictorial method, it has been something of a miracle and certainly a true cause for rejoicing that its success has grown steadily from *Sumurun* and *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* to *The Jest* and the recent exhibition of stage designs at the Bourgeois galleries in New York. The extraordinary welcome accorded *The Jest* has served to solidify and attest this success. Following Arthur Hopkins's production of Tolstoi's *Redemption*, it settles once for all the tremendous and beautiful power of the new method, and it establishes beyond cavil the place of Robert Edmond Jones, designer of both productions, as America's most distinguished native artist of the stage.

There are, of course, a number of factors contributing to the success of *The Jest* besides the art of Mr. Jones. The play is a frankly sensational fable blending ancient romance and violence with modern psychology. It is as full of action as a Broadway melodrama and it has the same admixture of humor and slangful speech. It utilizes the services, both for acting and for advertisement, of the brothers Barrymore, two players who have established a lusty vogue through their joint and several work in *Peter Ibbetson*, *The Copperhead*, *Justice*, and *Redemption*. But could these things alone make a "costume play" the sharpest and most immediate success in Broadway's history? Over and above these elements, and making their appeal many times more powerful, stands the persuasive beauty of

Mr. Jones's scenery, costumes and lights as the determining factor in the success of *The Jest*.

To make this clear, it is hardly necessary to describe the rich, warm simplicity of the great hall of Tornaquinci, the pool of amber light about its dining table, the Italian night sky lambent in the great doorway; the rare, luminous greens and blues of Ginevra's misty antechamber, or the high-pitched glare of the twin shafts of stone and of light which make the underground prison of the Medici. To understand Mr. Jones's determining share in the success of *The Jest*, it is only necessary to imagine a conventional production of the play, to see action and actors against the befuddling "realism"—nondescript costumer's clothes, painted stone-work and blank white lighting—of such productions as Mr. Southern and Miss Marlowe used to give Shakespeare and John the Baptist, such gaucheries as surrounded Tyrone Power in *Thais*.

A good share of recognition has already been accorded Mr. Jones, but no more than should have been his for the considerable number of notable productions he had previously made in and around Broadway—his settings and costumes for Granville Barker's production of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, for the Ballet Russe's *Till Fülenspiegel* and for *Caliban*, and his scenery and lightings for Arthur Hopkins's *Devil's Garden*, *Redemption*, parts of *The Happy Ending* and the Clare Kummer farces. In this recognition, however, Mr. Jones has often been curiously and wrongly credited to the little theatres. Critics have identified him as a product of these playhouses, instead of as a part, like them, of the new movement which in America could find its easiest and best expression only through the experimental, economical and amateur little theatres. Mr. Jones has never worked in these places. They have had no share in shaping his talents. Yet it must be said, in justice both to them and to Mr. Hopkins, that if this single astute and sensitive manager had not existed, Mr. Jones would inevitably have been driven into the little theatres to find a place to work.

Working in the professional theatre, Mr. Jones has achieved things that, I think, no artist of the little theatres could have done. He has swept out of Mr. Hopkins's playhouse the hideous pretence that was scenery, he has barred as sternly "modern" affectations, and he has kept his own genius individual and clean, strong and direct. *The Jest* bears all this on its face. There is nothing of the old scene painter's art about it; along with false perspective and painted shadows, Mr. Jones has banished detail; and he has not permitted decoration (in the smaller sense) to take its place. Mr. Jones is not, like Mr. Bakst and so many Russians, an easel artist in the theatre. He sees beyond painting and architecture to the distinguishing factors of the stage, light and movement. The actual proportions of his anteroom in the second act are no better than those of many a setting of the past ten years; only the bare simplicity of his design for the great hall and the excellent spacing of door and walls, give his first set a physical distinction over other great rooms that have been put upon the stage. It is in the atmosphere which he has poured into these canvas-girt spaces by means of light, that Mr. Jones wins the unique beauty and effectiveness of *The Jest*. The interlacing pools of color through which pass the costumed players, the glow of crimson or violet picking out a bit of drapery or a spot of wall, the ineffable gleam of some high window, are the almost spiritual materials from which this artist is able to create, as bolts of satin and buckets of color could never do, the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Meaningless as theatrical statistics may ordinarily seem, and impotent as our producing system has become for the selling of the finer things of the drama, the reaction of the ticket speculator to such beauty as *The Jest*'s hints at hopes for Broadway. The very great—the “greatly simple”—has never had cause to quarrel with our commercial producing system. If it would only make up its mind to appear, it could find no more perfect mechanism for presentation to the immense multitudes that its greatness would win. In the field of modern drama, however, the greatly simple does not rule, does not even appear. Finenesses, thoughtful subtleties, emotional doubts and complexities make the best in today's plays. It happens to be otherwise with the art of stage production. There, by the mere fact of distance and the weakness of the human eye, subtleties and refinements are less than good; they cannot exist. In the scenic artist's field it is only the large, the clear, that can live, either as good art or as popular art. And since Broadway can sell the greatly simply—can sell it, indeed, far more advantageously than can the little theatre—*The Jest* suggests—oh, so hopefully—that, in the field of production at least, the good and the beautiful can be commercially successful, and the little theatre and the theatre that is commercial may at last lie down together.

K. M.

The Conversation of Mr. Yeats

The Cutting of an Agate, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ONE cannot fully enjoy this book of essays by Mr. Yeats unless one remembers a certain very real racial difference between the English and the Irish. If an English person is introduced into an Irish family he at first thinks, because of the amount of disputation which goes on, that they are quarrelsome, and then, as he discovers that these disputes are as amicable as they are violent and are invariably about impersonal things, that they are mad. But the truth is that the Irishman lives in a state of chronic mental inflammation and is hardly ever without the twinge of an idea, and that he is consequently under a necessity, which is never felt by the Englishman, who does his thinking more periodically and voluntarily, of trying over these ideas in conversation and seeing which of the multitude deserve to survive. To give his idea its fair chance he must, of course, assert it as passionately as possible; but in the depths of his own mind he is still aware that he is asserting it experimentally. This mental process often appears to an Englishman to convict the man who is engaged in it of inconsistency and insincerity, but it is actually an honest and deserving attempt to find the needle of truth in an intellectual haystack.

This new volume of essays represents Mr. Yeats's conversation. In it he tries over, by expressing them as fervently as he can, some of those ideas that break upon his mind as ceaselessly as waves break upon a shore. Many of those ideas are false and inconsistent, but it is well that they were not suppressed for that reason, for at least the mode of their expression is of value. It would be impossible for Mr. Yeats to write anything, even an order to the Stores for a safety razor, save in a sentence that would have the distinguished air of a long ringed white hand in an old picture. And very often his ideas are true and subtle, and disperse suddenly and easily confusions and obscured problems which

from their subtlety had seemed likely to remain ever unsolved. “When we looked,” he writes in one essay, “at the faces of the old tragic paintings, whether it is in Titian or in some painter of medieval China, we find there sadness and gravity, a certain emptiness even, as of a mind that waited the supreme crisis (and indeed it seems at times as if the graphic art, unlike poetry which sings the crisis itself, were the celebration of waiting.)” That leaves El Greco out of account, it is true; but to suppose that art which depicts vivacity oversteps its limitations provides a plausible explanation of the discontent which we have all felt before much modern painting.

Exquisite, too, this condensation of the reasons behind Synge's estrangement from the Ireland that he loved: “He was but the more hated because he gave his country what it needed, an unmoved mind where there is a perpetual last day, a trumpeting, and coming up to judgment.” And there is, in an essay on *The Tragic Theatre*, a passage illustrative of the truth of that letter from Congreve to Dryden which defines the foundation of comedy as the observation of the “singular and unavoidable way of doing anything peculiar to one man only, by which his speech and action are distinguished from all other men,” which is one of the few pieces of critical writing in which criticism appears as a creative art, as extending the frontiers of the intelligence by its own efforts and not merely surveying the mental lands discovered by other men. It describes the reluctance of a romantic young man to accept and admire the painting of Manet and his followers, and it contains in its couple of hundred words the fullest account of the color of youth's dreams, the research after the signs of individuality which was the artistic occupation of Manet, and the eternal conflict between romanticism and comedy.

It is a pity that Mr. Yeats mistakes the protagonists of this conflict. He finds the same pleasure in making an antithesis that a skater feels in cutting a figure eight, and since he has proved the foundation of comedy is an abandonment to a sense of character he goes on and asserts that the foundation of tragedy is an abandonment of the sense of character. He tells us that in the great masters “it is in the moments of comedy that character is defined, while amid the great moments . . . all is lyricism . . .” Now it is true that the events of tragedy do not provoke such diffused displays of character in those who witness them as do the events of comedy. If a man finds another man hiding under his sofa he will probably discuss at length what he is doing there, and throw light, if he suspects him of being a burglar, on his attitude to crime, or, if he suspects him of being the lover of some lady in the house, on his attitude towards love and the family. But if it be a corpse that he finds under the sofa he will be apt to run about reiterating that bare fact without additions. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that these stark cries which are given out by souls in calamity are necessarily without character.

Samuel Butler was much pleased by what he called the “Shakespearean commonness” of the last speech of a victim of a gang of bushrangers, who, as was reported by one of them who turned informer, used his last moment on earth to say, “If you murder me I shall be foully murdered.” Only a most shallow observer would dismiss that remark as characterless. If we think over its superb redundancy it brings the victim living to our eye, and we may see him talking copiously about the weather to his barber or pausing on the threshold of an art gallery to tell a friend that of course he didn't really know anything about art but he knew what he liked. It is surely one of the achievements of high tragedy to invent such utterances as that, austere relevant

to the crises which provoke them and yet unique to the lips that speak them: utterances which give a concentrated display of character as comedy gives a diffused display of it.

"The Crown of the earth doth melt! My lord!
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon."

It could not have been Juliet that said those words, nor Desdemona, nor Lady Macbeth, but only Cleopatra, who was given to speech stiffly gorgeous with royal rhetoric, who was in everything a sensualist and in the extremity of her grief had no pitiful or tender thought for the soul that had gone but only a regret that the spectacle of life was to be the poorer of Antony's magnificence. And without doubt the supreme moments of Hamlet and Timon and Antony are all as deeply tinged with appropriateness, but because we are so accustomed to think of them isolated from the context we become blind to their organic relationship to it.

There indeed appears to be no evidence at all in favor of the theory that tragedy abhors the sense of character, except the not very relevant fact that Mr. Yeats disliked it when he was nineteen. But it is probable that at that age Mr. Yeats spoke with the voice not of tragedy but of fantasy and romanticism, which are the delights of superior youth and inferior maturity. There are two alternative methods to the austerity of realism, by which artists present life as lived under the same limitations as are imposed upon us in the real world. There is fantasy, which presents a life more flexible than the one we know by eliminating many of the limitations which make this world difficult for us. An extreme and crude type of this is the Mutt and Jeff cartoon at the cinema, in which a discontented woman customer at a restaurant who calls a waiter to complain about a pancake is restored to good humor when the waiter puts the pancake on a gramophone as a record and foxtrots with her to the resultant music; a roar of happiness goes up from the audience, which is delighted by the vision of a more serviceable universe than the one they know, one which would more abundantly respond to their demands. There is also romanticism, which presents a life more invariably majestic than the one we know by dint of multiplying its limitations, and refusing to permit its creatures to speak otherwise than in noble measures or to deviate into other than dignified moods. Neither of these is so aristocratic as realism, whose aim is not to pander to weak human desires for an easier universe but to make beauty, and will not stoop to falsification as a means; and both of them have a deep hostility to the sense of character, which if they admit it reminds them constantly of their forgeries, since character consists of the reactions of the individual temperament to the limitations placed on its desires by life. There, perhaps, lies the source of Mr. Yeats's early antipathy to good comedy, for in his youth he was much occupied with the lovelier aspects of these forms.

But there is endless matter for debate in this volume. Many hold the opinion that the discussion of æsthetics is a vain thing, since whenever it grows dogmatic one must print across it, as steamship companies are wont to print "Tide and Weather Permitting" under their timetables, "But the wind of the spirit bloweth where it listeth." But there are many things here that seem beautifully and eternally true.

REBECCA WEST.

British Labor and the War

British Labor and the War, by Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason, New York: Boni and Liveright.

THIS book has been long expected; and it certainly forms the best discussion of its subject for the American reader. It is refreshingly vigorous, full of those touches of personality which make the narrative of events quick and living for the reader who wants more than the bare anatomy of the record, and it contains a valuable appendix of the fundamental documents. The authors write from the standpoint of Mr. Henderson and his followers; which is to say that they are keenly critical of Mr. Gompers and the official attitude of the American Federation. It is, naturally, a fascinating story they have to tell. Without pretensions to philosophic interpretation, they have produced a volume without which no American student of English conditions can pretend to be acquainted with the facts.

The real defect of the book is this absence of any genuine explanation of events. From this aspect, it has none of the value of Mr. Cole's *Labor in Wartime*, which covers, however, a far narrower field. The authors have not sufficiently realized how much of the later attitude of British labor is in reality the continuation of the atmosphere of the three years preceding the war. Its outbreak took the trade unions by surprise; and when they had begun to take their bearings they were confronted with a fait accompli. It was not until the resignation of Mr. Henderson showed the real attitude of the English government to the acid test of the Russian Revolution, that labor began to recover its previous internationalism. Thenceforward its history was the reconquest and intensification of its previous ideals. From that moment the impossibility of an alliance with liberalism was apparent. Labor had no one but itself to trust for the future; and the old basis of the party was too narrow for the ideals it had in mind. The programme of 1917 was the most important political document since the Communist Manifesto and it was the first programme of labor made with the prospect of victory in the not distant future. The authors admirably recount the story of its adoption, and they make plain how little importance is to be attached to the opposition. Their narrative of labor's diplomacy in foreign affairs is the most admirable portion of the book. What, in the perspective of the last three months, emerges is the fact that on every point labor was right and its opponents wrong. What also emerges with clearness is the fact that Mr. Henderson and his colleagues were fighting Mr. Wilson's battle even while the latter's attitude to Mr. Gompers was giving the American leader an effective chance of their destruction. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Wilson has not known his best friends; and it is not the least of the many tragedies of the situation that Mr. Wilson's genius for self-isolation had made him misunderstand where effective liberalism was in truth to be found.

The authors' account of the movement towards workers' control is less satisfactory than their political narrative, and perhaps necessarily so. Events are here moving so quickly that almost any book is out of date as it is being written. What emerges from the shop-stewards' movement is the unsatisfactory character of any trade unionism which takes geographical areas as its units; with the development of large-scale production it has become essential to build upon the basis of each works. And in that aspect

it is probable that the shop-steward of today will be the local official of tomorrow. The movement towards industrial unionism has clearly come to stay. The old demarcation between crafts has broken down, and the Triple Alliance has shown that federation for conflict is the only way to meet the organized strength of either government or the employers. But this very increase of power has also brought with it its difficulties. It is obvious that a strike of the Triple Alliance is, from their strategic position, practically tantamount to a revolution. They were successful in the first conflict because they had an unanswerable case against both the mine owners and railroads. What is less obvious is the power the Alliance implies where the issue is less clear. No one who has read the speeches of Mr. J. H. Thomas can doubt that into the sense of triumph at a masterpiece of organization there enters also a sense of something akin to fear at the power so brought into being. And that fear must be intensified by the temper of many of the unions in other trades. Certain gigantic figures like Mr. Smillie apart, it is obvious that the age of the older leaders has passed. Some, like Mr. Barnes and Mr. Roberts, have deserted into the other camp. Others, like Mr. Davis and Mr. J. B. Williams, do not know that a new epoch has arrived. Until a new leadership has been consolidated—the material for it is to hand—the tendency is for direct government to replace representative government; and it is already clear that direct government deprives the unions of clear purpose and effective striking power.

The authors' discussion of self-government in industry needs to be rewritten in the light of more recent events. There is a certain feeling abroad that the Whitley Councils have solved the major problems of industrial relations; but it looks as though, on the contrary, for the labor movement as a whole, the Whitley Councils are already obsolete. The government is in large part to blame for this attitude. Its hesitation in introducing them into its own departments implied a dangerous absence of confidence in their utility; and not a few incidents have come to light which reveals them as open to use by government propaganda. The new weapon of the industrial conference is far more vital. It emphasizes the fact of labor solidarity. It enforces a full and thoroughgoing recognition of unionism by the government. It balances the almost moribund House of Commons by an organ which no ministry can neglect. It is, in fact, destined to become a veritable parliament of producers; and the labor memorandum on industrial unrest, prefixed to its announcement, is a proclamation that labor has not lost sight of the problem of ultimate control.

The real problem ahead is the synthesis of this immense and revolutionary industrial movement with its political complement. Here, of a certainty, it is faced with difficulties more complicated than those met in factory and workshop. The trade unionist is trained to meet the employer in his industrial capacity; but the election of last December showed clearly that he is not yet trained in his political outlook to an equal degree. Nor is it clear that men like Mr. Henderson have yet come completely to understand the point of view of the more radical element. It is obviously a serious fact that British labor should stand substantially powerless before a peace treaty which is, almost at every point, the negation of its own declared aims. But it is in the impasse that it could not compel the government to change the treaty except by an opposition tantamount to a revolution; and not even a revolution would be in any sense the harbinger of peace.

There will be no satisfactory equilibrium between industrial and political power until the average trade union voter realizes that his vote for the House of Commons is not less important than his vote for one of his own officials. A moribund legislative assembly is, in the age of the positive state, almost a guarantee of bureaucratic government. And anyone who studies the blanket powers still freely obtained by the ministry since the armistice, especially under the new legislation about aliens, will realize with a new quickness that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

Americans will watch this evolution with hardly less interest because, at the moment, their own evolution is destined to be on different lines. Despite Mr. Gompers' condemnation of political action, and his retention of his unthinking belief in craft-unionism, it is evident that more progressive ideas are gradually making their way. The labor movement in America has been more influenced than it knows by the new currents of British opinion. The genial censorship has, of course, militated against a proper appreciation of the changes that have been effected. America has been denied contact with the men best fitted to explain those changes, but as they begin to penetrate this continent, their influence will be still more marked. For, after all, they have a magnificent record to unfold. It is the story of unflinching determination, in the face of hate and cynicism, and almost avowed deceit, to make the consequence of this struggle accord with its purpose. It represents the one consistent demand that the dead shall not have died in vain.

H. J. L.

Education by Violence

Education by Violence, by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: The Macmillan Co.

CERTAIN of the associations with which Mr. Canby links education and violence show a tendency towards idealization of the war. Neglecting the manner in which thought was conscripted, propaganda put to dishonest purposes, and the worst of passions fired by demagogues with a glib command of phrases, Mr. Canby spends some time discussing the "intense reality of war-time," the "harder, firmer world," the world that "had more character and was therefore more honest." But it is never as the premise to an argument that he uses these ideas; and the emphasis of his book is placed upon a sound observation: "War, as Thucydides said, educates by violence. Such violence has been necessary to prove to some of us, by the wasteful rigors of conflict, how little our education was related to life, and what is even more important, how little our life was related to education."

In the disassociation of life and education there is in fact a truth that cannot be overemphasized at a time when genuine changes in school and university programmes are possible. "We are in the text-book stage still," says Mr. Canby. "Nine-tenths of our education remains in life itself, where it belongs, but unorganized, unapplied, often distrusted by the high priests of school and college. . . . And the one-tenth that we have captured and codified in books and laboratories has had the joy and the vigor and the personality squeezed out of it, like a rubber sponge." Is it upon "courses" or upon the stimulation of minds that emphasis should be placed? "Since the days of Plato men have been saying in every language and environment: 'It

was, after all, one or two men who educated me. They set me thinking."

As suggestive of a modern spirit in education Mr. Canby discusses the Workmen's Educational Association in England—founded not to "uplift" the workingmen, "but definitely and consciously as a means of bringing together workmen who wanted to understand the economic system of which they were a part, and students of economics and sociology who, while teaching the theory of their subjects, could learn the practice from the men and women whom they taught." It is interesting to note an American experiment of the same sort in the newly established Trade Union College in Boston. Holding the attention of trade unionists, at the end of a day's work, demands from the teacher that quality of personal leadership which may awaken a real wish for knowledge. Many of the instructors in this new College have that quality. And the material of instruction—whether the course be in law, literature, government, science or economics—tends naturally to be an organization and application of part of that nine-tenths of education which Mr. Canby thinks has so far remained in life. For the teacher learns from his pupil, sees in practice the merit of his theory.

For these reasons the college for workingmen and women has a certain definite advantage over such a university as Harvard or Yale, if it is the function of education to hold "the joy and the vigor and the personality in life." The instruction of young men of better means is possible with a greater detachment from the forces of today's world. I am not suggesting vocational education as a goal; I am thinking of certain "courses" in Mr. Canby's own university at Yale: courses in which the text-book still has its claws firmly embedded; courses in which government is taught without raising the central question of individual sovereignty; courses in economics that never mention trade unions; courses in politics entirely divorced from the psychological study of human beings.

"There is no limit to what we can do," writes Mr. Canby, "for the pliant, persistent human nature which this war has shown that the least intellectual among us may possess." Many forces are at work today to bring a new aim and method into American education. Not the least force is the group of younger liberal men in our universities. To this group Henry Canby belongs. And as a member he is responsible for making more definite and manifest the issues with which he deals in *Education by Violence*.

C. M.

Through Yellow Glasses

Victorious, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill & Co.

EVEN with a subject like the war in front of them, our novelists are cautious. As a rule the tasks they choose are easy; they confine themselves to the experiences of the individual or the small group. Or if they do select a larger subject, they skim surfaces, hesitating to venture into the deep waters of the epic.

To this practice, Reginald Wright Kauffman is a bold exception. After three months divided between Paris and the front, he rushed home to write a novel that should express—I quote the publishers' statement—"A small American town—a little French village; the declaration of war—the signing of the armistice; darning socks at home—fight-

ing for freedom in France, and all that lies between these various extremes." And not merely this, he tries to go into means and extremes exhaustively. He has attempted more than any one else, unless perhaps Ibañez. For this he deserves approbation, even if he has arrived finally at a signal and magnificent failure.

The shortcomings of Mr. Kauffman are various, and apparently little correlated. There is first the matter of haste. A long novel, which should have germinated slowly in his mind, and on the actual business of writing which he should have spent at least a year, he finished in little more than a sixmonth after his first view of the scenes he describes. He is anxious to be done quickly, to publish his story while it still is news.

Going at this breakneck speed, he has committed a few blunders which a little more study would easily have eliminated. He is careless and inaccurate. Paris in the autumn of 1917 he pictures as a city swathed in sandbags, although any one who was there at that time could have assured him otherwise.

His description of an infantry battalion going over the top, and of bayonet fighting in No Man's Land, are laughable; half an hour with the Manual for the Commanders of Infantry Platoons would have remedied them. In one place he says:

Chrissly transfixed a mustached Saxon with his bayonet, wheeled and drove the same weapon into the belly of another man, whose blood spurted over his slayer from waist to neck; entangled his weapon in the breast of a third; seized a pistol and blew out the brains of a fourth.

Bravo! But people don't fight like that.

It is these descriptions of actual combat that mark his worst failures. There are other features of the novel, however, that militate against its accuracy as a picture of the whole war. Naturally his personal preferences would lead him to stress one aspect of the struggle rather than another, and the author of *The House of Bondage* could hardly fail to take the muckraker's view. In *Victorious* one is regaled from page to page with army frauds; with revelations of just why the air service broke down; with pictures of American soldiers dying for lack of aeroplanes and ammunition. And this is true, no doubt, although it is patently not the whole truth.

Again his picture is false in this respect, that he insists on dragging in a woman, *The Woman*, into every part of it. Now if there was anything the war proved, it was the independence of the sexes. At home the work of everyday passed without friction into feminine hands; at the front man was supreme and alone; women were non-essentials. The space for ten miles on each side of the lines, besides being a zone of fire, was a zone of males. This fact Mr. Kauffman has not learned; his Sylvia Raeburn is omnipresent, motivating the virtues of the hero and the sins of the villain. In other words he has chosen "*cherchez la femme*" for his motto instead of "*seek the truth*"; he is a very good newspaperman but he can hardly be called a novelist.

It requires only a little imagination to make that fact grow into the great shortcoming of the book. Haste, misrepresentation, the muck-rake; the determination to assign love of women as the real cause of every great event; all these are characteristic of good journalism just as much as of the bad.

And if one should ask why Mr. Kauffman, with his undoubted talent, with a certain gift for understanding people, and with natural powers of observation, should have

failed almost laughably in his greatest venture, one can answer only this much: that his whole training has been that of the journalist rather than that of the artist, that good as his own eyes are, he believes what he reads rather than what he sees, and that when he does come to make his own observations, his prejudices have blinded him. He sees the world through yellow glasses.

M. C.

His Own People

Tumblefold, by Joseph Whittaker; with a foreword by Ben Tillett, M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THERE were five of them: Potter, Yeubrey, Jones, Ryder, and Freddy Stubs, who played very much like other boys, except that in their sports was the unhealthy maturity of poverty. Theft, drunkenness, and wife-beating were the commonplaces of the life they shared. In the rare times they joined the neighbor girls, they played a game peculiar to their neighborhood: one of them would pretend that he was coming home from the pub and beat and beat his twelve year old wife; she for her part screaming until another playmate would arrive, dressed in the make-believe of a policeman. Their home and playground was Tumblefold, a huddle of medieval houses in the midst of an English manufacturing town. Here were twisted alleys and foul gutters; haunted warehouses and death stalking in the day time—in general an atmosphere as mysterious as that of one of Rider Haggard's African novels, and much more compelling.

In one way the bitter training was worth it. It gives Mr. Whittaker a deep knowledge. In another way it was disastrous. It denied him the leisure to assimilate his experiences, and thus was probably the reason for his spewing forth his own life and that of other men, his own thoughts and methods and the literary artifices of ten generations. Only in paragraphs and scattered passages does he show his real power. This fact, however, he would probably hold as another grievance against a system of society which he hates thoroughly and sincerely.

About the utter poverty Mr. Whittaker describes, about its forced gregariousness, its cruelty, its young girls blooming and dying quicker than hothouse flowers, the author seems to have found something splendid and voluptuous. He hates these sordid things of course; he takes occasion to say so. Yet he describes the horrors of Tumblefold with loving insistence. As one reads on, one can hear him whispering constantly; weaving a counterpoint to the fortissimo of his recriminations: "I have lived this life; these people are my people."

Contributors

to this issue

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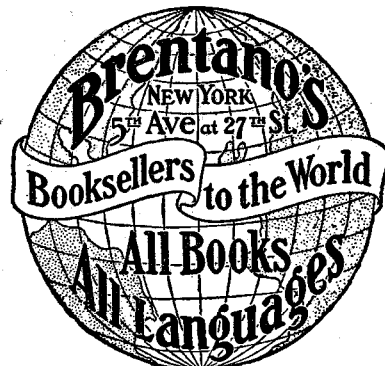
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